

OFF-BEATLE Issue



ICD



SICK

JUNE

25¢

The Magazine that Keeps America Laughing



NEW! BEATLE JOKES! STORIES! PICTURES!



We must
be alert...

zzzzzzzz



The Swinging Monk

Wow, what legs.



Real Dolls

That's not Chou En-lai, Premier.



SICKnificant News

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SICK

The Magazine that Keeps America Laughing

No. 29



Volume 4—Number 7—June, 1964

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New American security image for teen-agers. Most young people want to grow up and get married and have children. Not necessarily in that order. 8

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SICK Views the News...

Defense Attorney Melvin Belli held that no one could serve as a juror on the Jack Ruby trial who saw him commit the crime on TV. "We are here in Tanganyika, Zanzibar, for the sixth month of the Ruby trial. Melvin Belli is interrogating a prospective juror: "Sir did you see the crime on TV?" "Yes, on a Huntley-Brinkley rerun." 34

Sick, Sick World...

Now, we know how to fight Sonny Liston. Hit him in the shoulder... We didn't mind when Lever Brothers turned off the water in Los Angeles, Chicago and New York—but Guantanamo Bay?... At Innsbruck our athletes didn't know—you don't get a Gold Medal for car theft. 20

Movie Review...

"John Wayne's Latest"—What names movie stars have—John Wayne, Lawrence Harvey, Edward G. Robinson—his name is Eddie Rubin. Gregory Peck—his name is Eddie Rubin, too. We can't wait to see the new movie: "I Fell in Love with My Avon Representative and Now I Have a House Full of Cosmetics." ... 15

SICK is published monthly except January, April, July and October by HEADLINE PUBLICATIONS, INC. Editorial and executive offices 32 West 22nd Street, New York 10, New York. Single copy 25c; subscription rate \$2.00 for 8 issues. Second-Class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at Richmond, Va. Not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts, and all material must be accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelope. Entire contents copyright 1964 by Headline Publications, Inc. All rights reserved. Copyrighted under the Universal Copyright Conventions and the International Copyright Convention, reserved under the Pan American Convention. Printed in U.S.A.

Always on Cue

SCENE: Cocktail party.

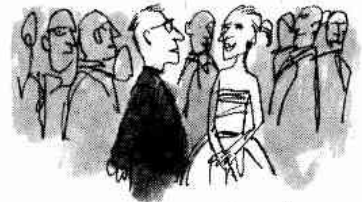
Hi. I'm Rochelle Glick. Nice party isn't it.

My name is Craig Fentlock.

Are you a friend of Judy or Jim's?

Jim. By the way, how did the two of them ever get together?

Usual way. Judy was swimming in the fountain in front of the Seagram's Building. Well, Judy swam out too far and almost drowned. Jim was passing by and he dove in and saved her.



And you mean to tell me that's what this whole big, catered party with the orchestra and three bartenders is celebrating—their falling in love in the Seagram's fountain and getting engaged? That's really kooky.

Gee, Jim and Judy sure know some interesting people. What do you do, Rochelle?

Who me? I just switched jobs. I had this dullsy job—Keypunch Operator at Mutual of Omaha.

Boy, that is a dullsy job. What are you doing on your new job?

Keypunch Operator at Prudential.

Yes, considering it only happened an hour ago.



Is that more interesting?

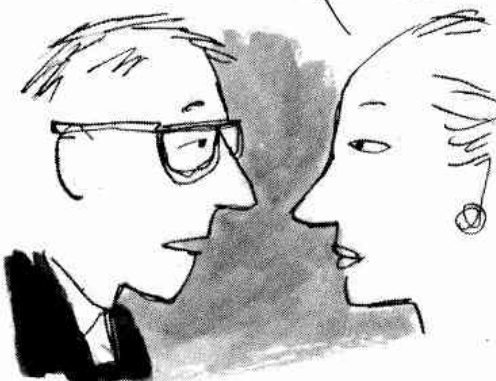
I don't know yet, I've only been there three weeks.

That is too soon to tell.

What do you do, Craig?

Me? I'm an editor with CUE Magazine, The Complete Entertainment and Restaurant Guide for New York. I write the capsule movie reviews.

I just saw the greatest movie—"Gidget Goes to Rome." I couldn't stop crying.



Oh, yes—"Gidget Goes to Rome." 112 minutes—Universal-International release. Taut, pointless, uneven. Occasionally amusing, often dull. Alternately funny, but believable Science Fiction thriller. Superbly acted by Sandra Dee, John Saxon and Edward Brophy—96.

That's the theater "Gidget Goes to Rome" is playing at—the RKO 96th Street Fox Orpheum.

At CUE, we've given every theater in New York a code number. For instance, the 8th Street Playhouse is code number 8.

I get it. Then, the number 55 would be the 55th Street Playhouse.

Right. You've broken the code.

96? What's that?

Right. How did you know?

And the 72nd Street Theater would be code number 72.

We're trying to get the 72nd Street Theater to move downtown to 14th Street.

"Knife in the Water." Monogram. 17 minutes. Overly long. Polish subtitles. Dark, murky, involved, symbolic, deliberately obscure. Excellent choreography. Ineptly written, poorly acted and uninspired direction. A must for every serious cinema goer. 91A.

Wrong. The 72nd Street Theater is number 14. It was a typographical error. We're trying to correct it.

You know the picture I'm dying to see—"Knife in the Water." Did you see it?

How?

Gosh, you're so knowledgeable. Do you do restaurants too?

Yes, country dining.

I've always wanted to eat at Patricia Murphy's.

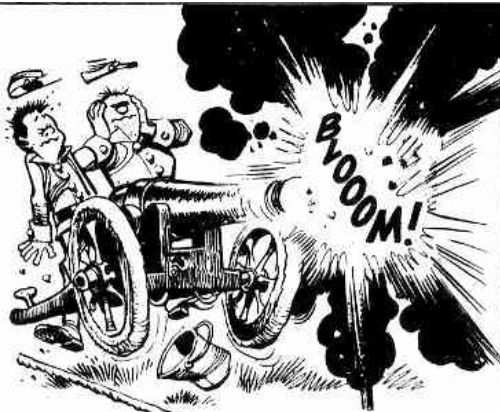
Patricia Murphy's. Old Log Wood Road. Authentic, Early American atmosphere and cuisine. Open hearth, wishing well, and original Colonial decor. Food specialties: veal parmigina, fettucini, pasta. Your host, Eguardo Liguine. Can I get you another drink, Rochelle.

Hi, Rochelle, how's the keypunch job at Prudential?

Too soon to tell.

I just saw you talking to Craig Fentlock. What do you think of him?

Oh, Craig? Pedantic, tedious, talky, occasionally amusing, often dull, sporadically clever, sardonic, conceited, emotionally unstable but always lovable, kindly, considerate...



Sincerely Yours.

Dear SICKantidisestablishmentary-ismys:

Please send me a rejection slip.
Steve Ryder
Box 209
Rogersville, Tenn.

ED: If you're going to start calling people names.

Dear Sirs:

I hereby submit the name, *HAD*, to replace the title *SICK*. The title *SICK* makes me uneasy, and I think that *HAD* would be better and more tempting to buy.

Charles Wild
Gilbertsville, Kentucky

ED: We think we've been *HAD*.

Dear SICK:

Your new name—KCIS.
J. David Kohler
13021 St. James Avenue
Cleveland, Ohio

ED: It sounds too familiar.

Dear SICKIES:

I've been reading sick blindly for many eye-catching issues. I'd get sick if I thought I missed a copy. So, if you are thinking of changing the name, why not call it *WELL*, the magazine you can throw yourself into to drown your troubles.

Samuel Gould
1256 E. 15th Street
Brooklyn, N.Y.

ED: We tried that once. Now they call us *DRIP*.

Dear SICKlings:

I can't praise you people enough on your magazine. Not only is it funny, but it gives more news than any newspaper. Also, I learn about the latest movies. I especially enjoyed the last issue that had the movie review of "*The Great Escape*." But not all of this letter is praise. Sometimes, your magazine doesn't seem like *SICK* the magazine that makes you well, but *WELL*, the magazine that makes you *SICK*. Well, by now, the warden is coming back and if she catches me not doing my easy chores—chopping down trees, moving the furniture, breaking rocks—she may get mad and give me 50 lashes with a wet noddle. I'll close with the suggestion you change your name to *WELL*.

Isaac Pachulski
735 N. Kilkea Drive
Los Angeles, California

ED: You're the second person today to tell us that.

Dear SICK:

I have found *SICK* to be one of the best magazines of humor sold. One great hit is having departments where the readers can send in ideas and get paid for them. As far as the name of the magazine goes, don't knock it. I think the name is good and I'm speaking for most of the people around here. Sure, people are going to say the name of your magazine is a flop if you're going to offer \$25.00 for a new title. Think it over.

Chuck Beilke
25 Windom Terrace
North Adams, Mass.

ED: Think what over, Chuck?

DEAR SICK:

I think the magazine should be *KEEN*.

Robert Quigley
3 Lancaster Drive
Scotia, N.Y.

ED: We try, but it still comes out sick.



Dear Sick:

Why don't you do a crazy article on the guys from England—the Beatles. With your great staff of writers and artists, I am sure it would be wild (ED: *You must have read our minds*). I know this won't get printed, because I've written to *Mad* and they didn't print it, and I figure since you have a magazine just like theirs, you won't print it either.

Kim O'Donnell
1111 Drayton Court
Webster Groves, Missouri

ED: Wrong again, Kim.

Dear SICK whatever-you-ares:

I am surprised that you haven't tried to write sick elofint jokes. I like your magazine and I simply adore all of your customers that are buying your competitor, *NEWSWEEK*.

In your February issue hospital, in

Jack Davis's colum was speled incorect. You speled it h-o-s-s-p-i-t-o-l. Belides, in the Bob Marion Dictionary it is speled h-u-s-s-p-e-t-o-l.

As far as I can figure, your response would read, "Good for you, you have a Bob Marion Dictionary", or "How about it, you can read!" Or if the situation gets desperate, you may say, "U cant spel a 'toll!"

Yours sicker than ever,
Bob Marion
707 Spalding Blvd.
Davenport, Iowa

ED: We've got a deal with *NEWSWEEK*, we don't print any humor and they don't print any news.

Dear SICK:

This is the first magazine that I bought and the last. I have a few questions: Is Vic Martin a brother of Don Martin? How come your magazine is so rotten?

Michael Case
Carol Street
Lambertville, N. J.

ED: Tell us something: Are you the brother of Federal Case?

Dear Sirs:

What ever happened to the nut in the bathtub sticking his finger into the light outlet? I remember seeing him on a cover saying "In New York everybody reads '*SICK*' and on the back 'In Japan almost everybody reads *SICK*.'"

Michael Collin
1109 Duncan Avenue
Yeadon, Penna.

ED: He's doing Sardo commercials now. For the electric light company.

Dear Sirs:

I did not cut up my magazine to get captions, I ripped them out. This month's issue was so funny I cried all the way through it. I wish you'd put in some news on the 1924 World Series. I missed it that year.

Tim Francois
187 Marcy Street
Portsmouth, N. H.

ED: You can't catch us on that one, Tim, we know there was no World Series that year.

Dear People of SICK:

I just finished your latest edition of *SICK* and enjoyed reading it immensely. I showed it to my parents and asked their opinion of the magazine. No comment. I knew my little sister wouldn't be interested in it, so I show-

ed it to my dog. He loved it. He licked it so much it started to drip. Just thought you'd be interested to know that you rate number-one with him and his class. Keep up the SICK work, it's great. I hope you print this letter, my dog would love it. I'm just sick over SICK for a title of a magazine.

Michael Goodman
11 Lyncroft Road
Montreal, Quebec, Canada

ED: You think it would sell?

Dear Editor:

I've just finished your latest issue of SICK and can barely control my laughter. Your article concerning Madame Nhu and Vietnam was a riot, and since I am stationed in this country, added to the humor of it. You didn't realize how close



to the truth your magazine came. SICK is enjoyed immensely by the G. I.'s here, so that gives you some idea of the shape we are in. Keep up your sick work.

(Name withheld due to security)
Nha Trang, South Vietnam

ED: We withheld his name to protect him from the other GI's in Vietnam, not the Viet Cong. Things have been unusually quiet in Vietnam—hasn't been a junta in three days.

Dear Sir:

I think SICK Magazine should get a new title. I think it should be called ABSURD. The price tag I am putting on the above title is \$25.00 if you use it.

George R. Tullis
1924 Mt. Royal Terr.
Baltimore, Maryland

ED: That's absurd.

Dear SICK:

Salted among a lot of ordinary junk in your magazine are some real gems, and I think some of the funniest items in American humor today. I have only seen three copies of your very funny SICK: June, 1962; and March and September, 1963. I am enclosing a check for more copies.

Paul B. Lowney
532 14th Avenue, E.
Seattle 2, Washington

ED: Those are the only three issues we ever put out.

Gentlemen:

I read most all of your SICK magazines and I seem to think they are the most. So keep writing them. Here's a name for your little friend—SICmoe ILLsworth.

James Edward Slack
1711 Oakwood Street
Memphis, Tennessee

ED: We're going to hold a contest, sometime, to name our little friend on SICK's

cover. We've held a contest to name everything else in the book.

Dear Sirs:

I want to congratulate SICK on being my favorite magazine. I read it all the time. My favorite pastime is putting captions to pictures. In fact, that's how I met my fiance. I hope you will have more contests like this one.

Peggy Ann Stoudenmire
38 Jackson Drive
Wilmington, North Carolina

ED: Please send us a picture of you and your fiance and we'll put a caption to it.

Dear SICK:

Your last issue (March) is the first I've ever seen of SICK. You are way ahead of the others. Keep up the good work. I'm still sick over the March issue. It was sic-sational.

A/3c Thomas R. Henson
AF18677329
Box A/3583 C.M.R. #1
Sheppard Air Force Base, Texas

ED: It's obvious why some of our servicemen don't get more mail. By the time you address the envelope, you're pooped. We take it you're in the service, Tom. If you're not, you're in big trouble.

FOR COLLECTORS:

THE SATIRE THAT JFK LOVED!

Printed before Dallas, the publishers are now offering this fabulously funny picture-caption book for sale to our readers in order to donate a substantial share of the proceeds to--

Send 50c per copy (for attractive 8"x11" stiff-cover "paper-back" volume) to "Look Who's Talking," 32 W. 22 Street, New York 10, New York.

The JFK MEMORIAL LIBRARY



Georgie Jessel says:

"LOOK WHO'S TALKING is a warm memory of the wonderful humor of The NEW FRONTIER... Not for squares"

MY BARBIE DOLL

Today we've got dolls that talk, wet, walk, sing, drink water, sleep and wake up. Whatever happened to the dolls who just used to lay there? Oh, occasionally they'd open or shut their eyes, but 120 phrases and 35 changes of wardrobe? Recently, a motion picture called "*The Doll*," was made in Sweden. It tells the story of

a man who takes a department store mannequin home with him. They can't get along. It seems that every night after they've both gone to bed, she gets up and stands in the window.

The remarkable evolution of dolls in America could lead to the following domestic problem—

Emery, you have to do something about our son, Howard. He's in love with his Barbie doll.

Come now, Imogene, he may be fond of her, a schoolboy crush, but certainly not *love*!



Oh, no? He stays in his room dressing Barbie all day.

Of course, he's infatuated with her. What's wrong with dressing a doll all day?



He's *undressing* her, too. Lately, he's been ripping her clothes off.

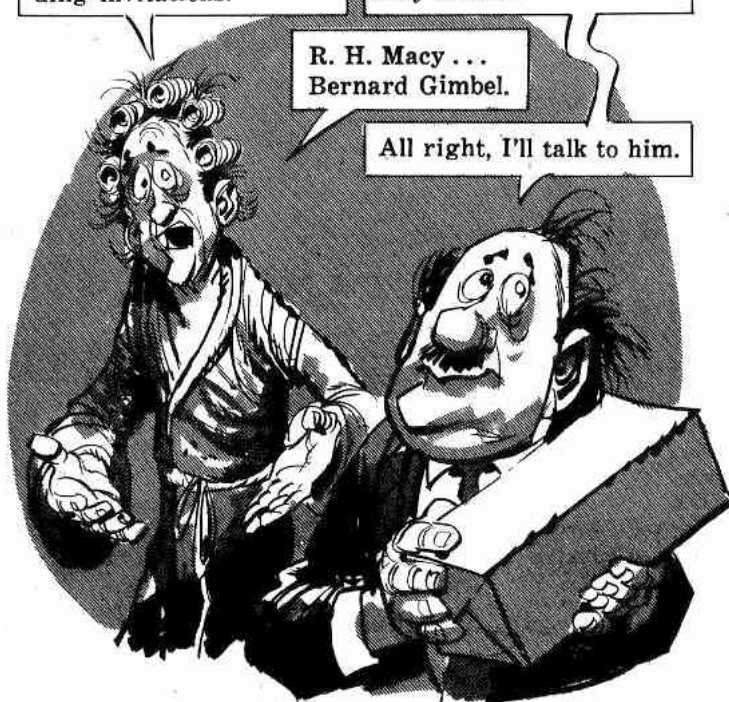
That could mean trouble.

That's not all. Now, they're sending out wedding invitations.

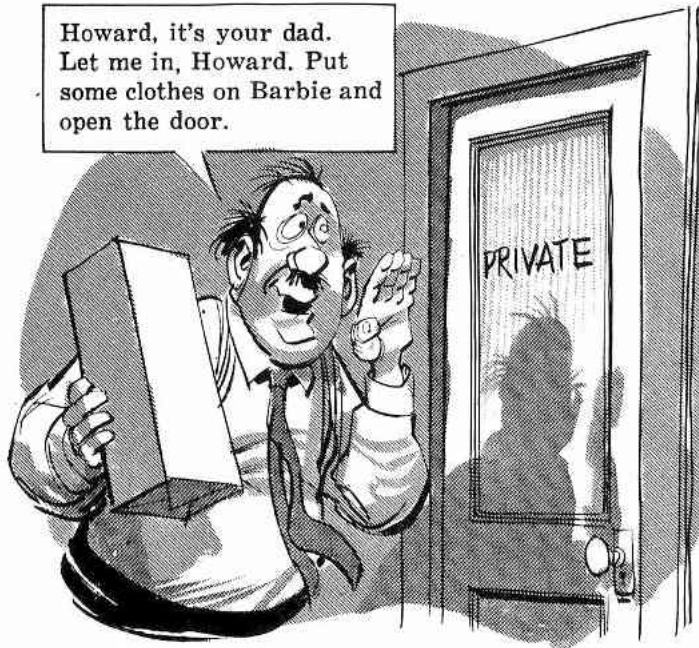
Wedding invitations! That's absurd—who could they invite?

R. H. Macy ...
Bernard Gimbel.

All right, I'll talk to him.



Howard, it's your dad.
Let me in, Howard. Put
some clothes on Barbie and
open the door.



Howard, I want to talk
to you.

Dad, is there really a
Bernard Gimbel?

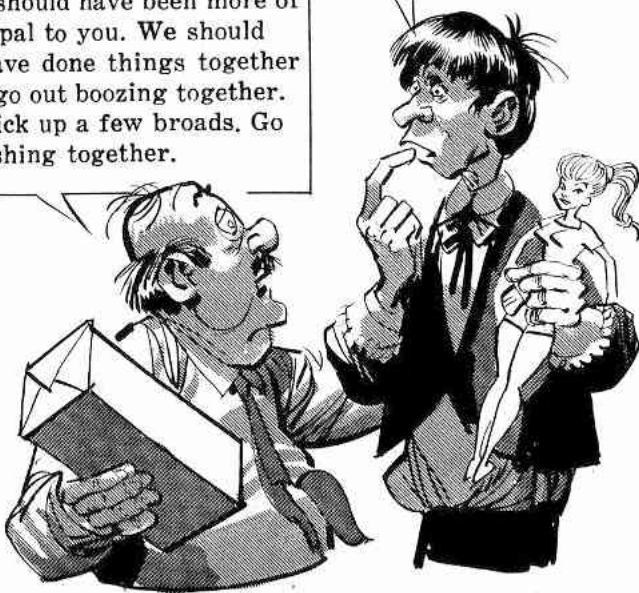


Howard, we haven't been
close enough, boy. I think
I should have been more of
a pal to you. We should
have done things together
—go out boozing together.
Pick up a few broads. Go
fishing together.

Fishing, dad?

Yea, fishing for booze and
broads. Son, you're too old
to be playing with dolls.
How old are you, boy?

I'm 18, dad.

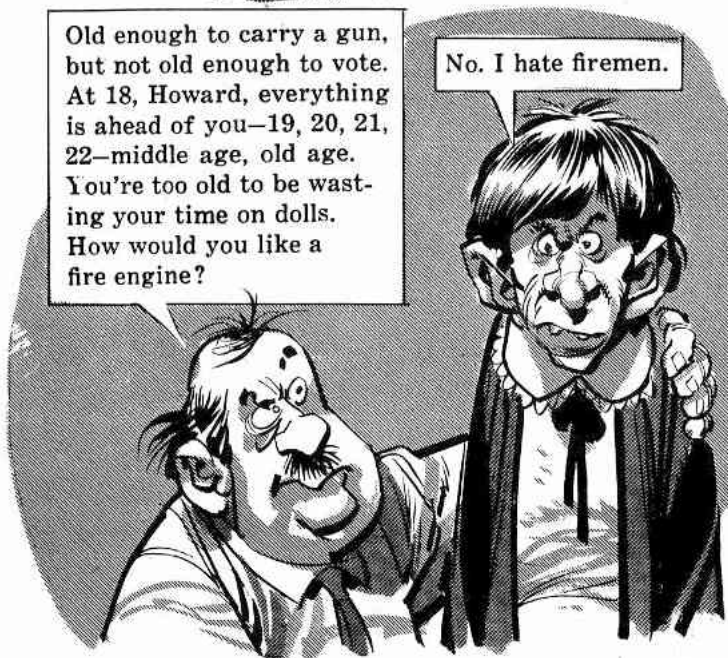


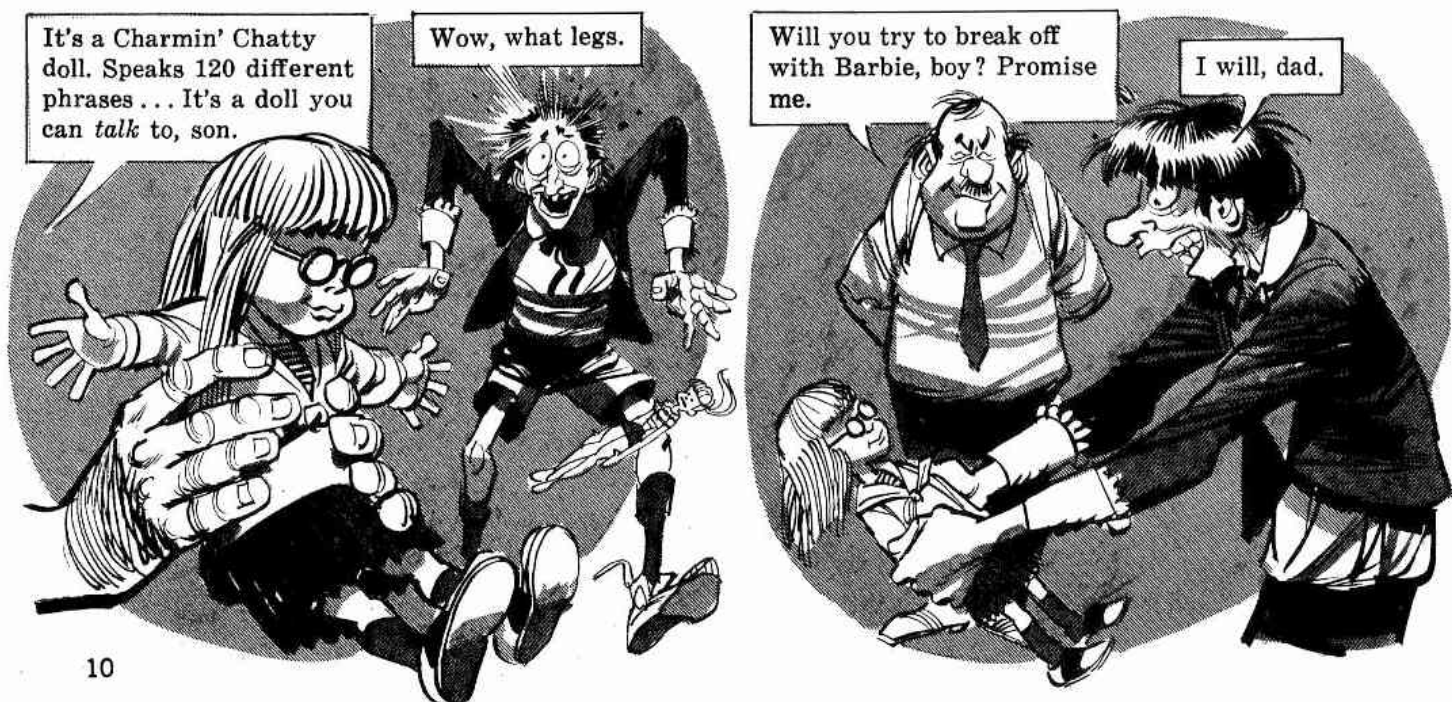
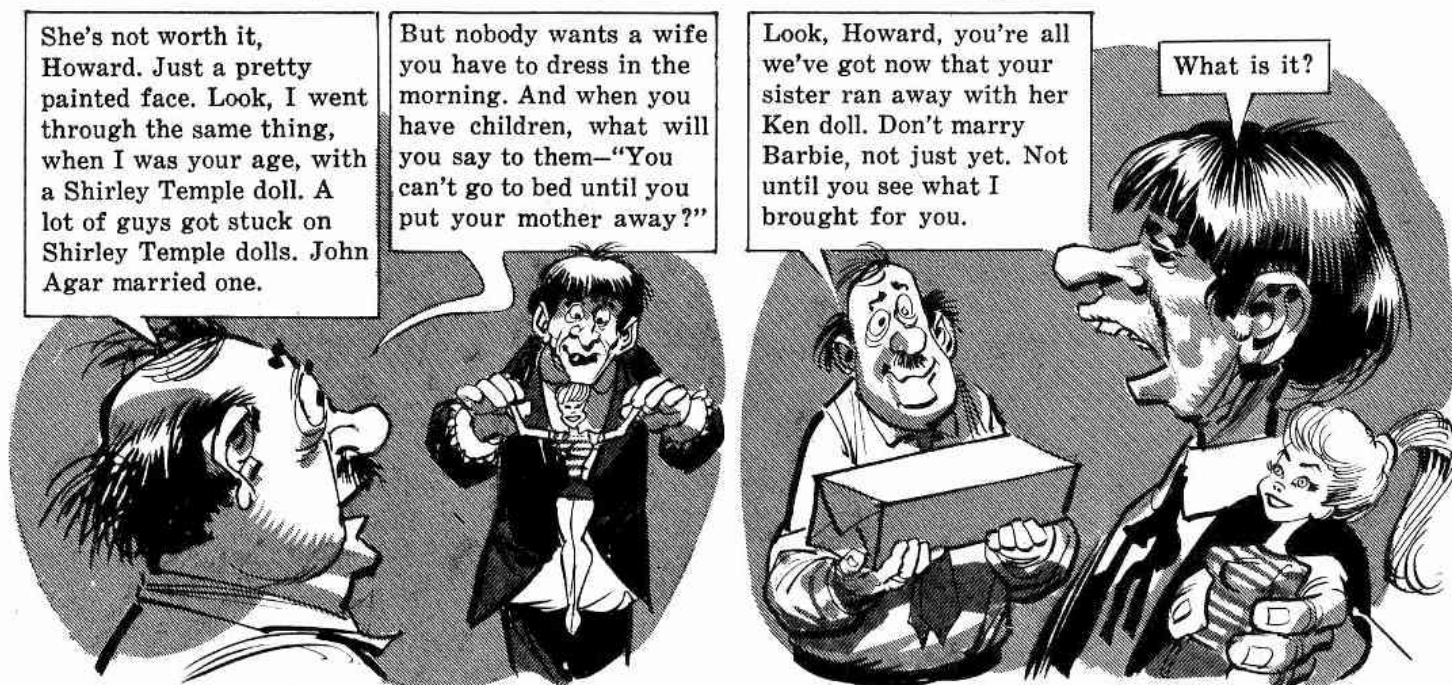
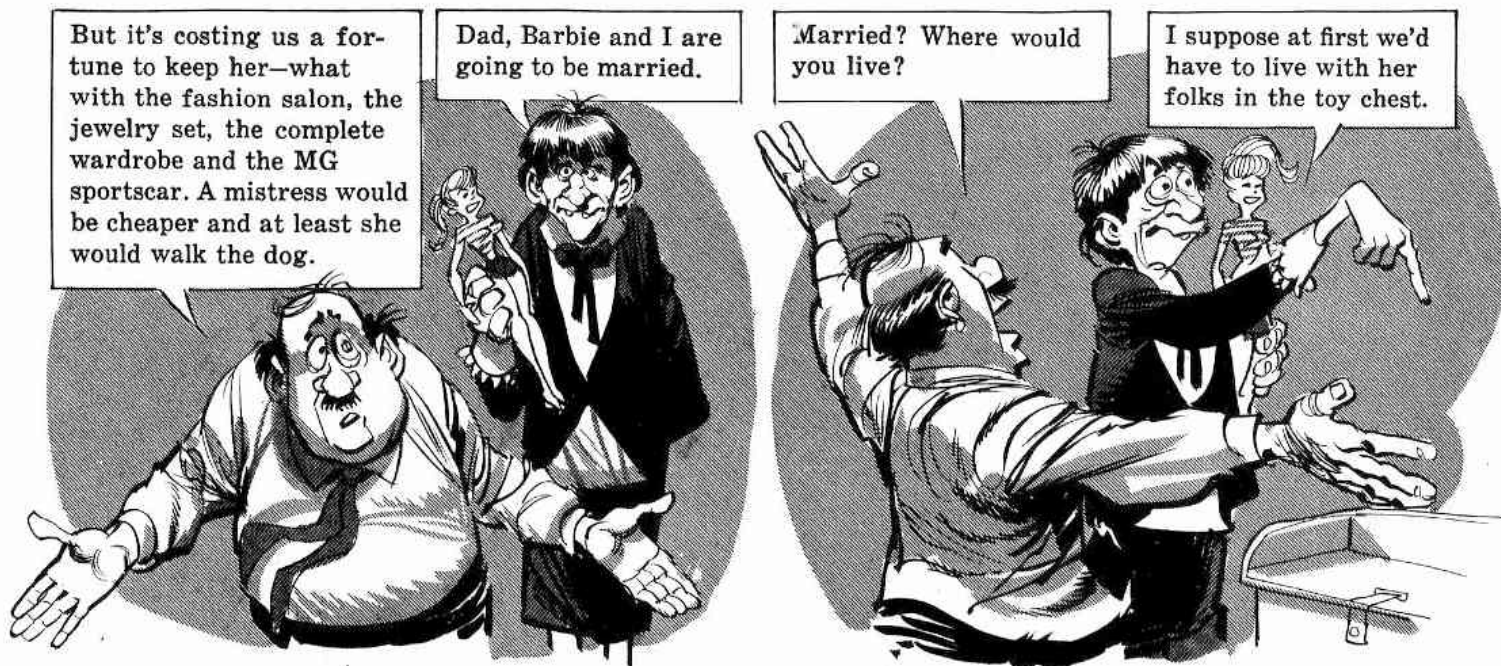
Old enough to carry a gun,
but not old enough to vote.
At 18, Howard, everything
is ahead of you—19, 20, 21,
22—middle age, old age.
You're too old to be wast-
ing your time on dolls.
How would you like a
fire engine?

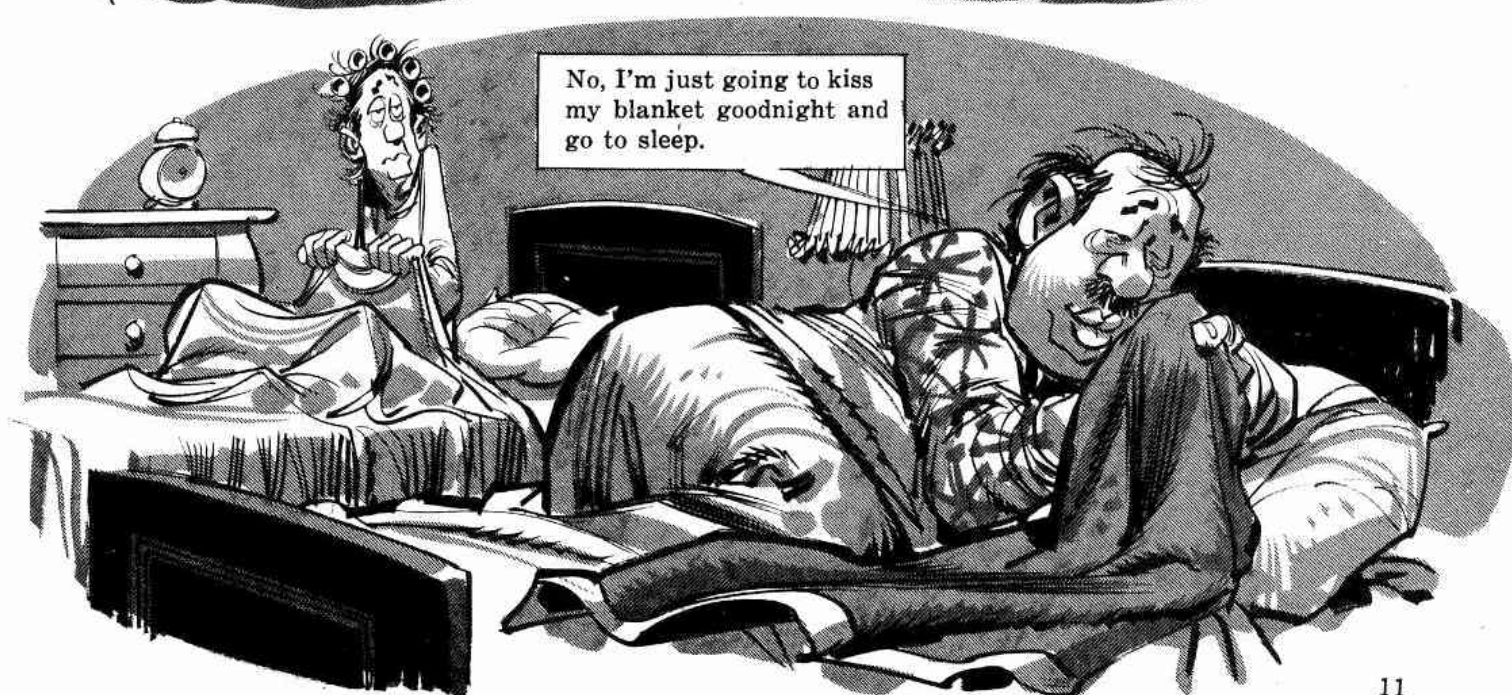
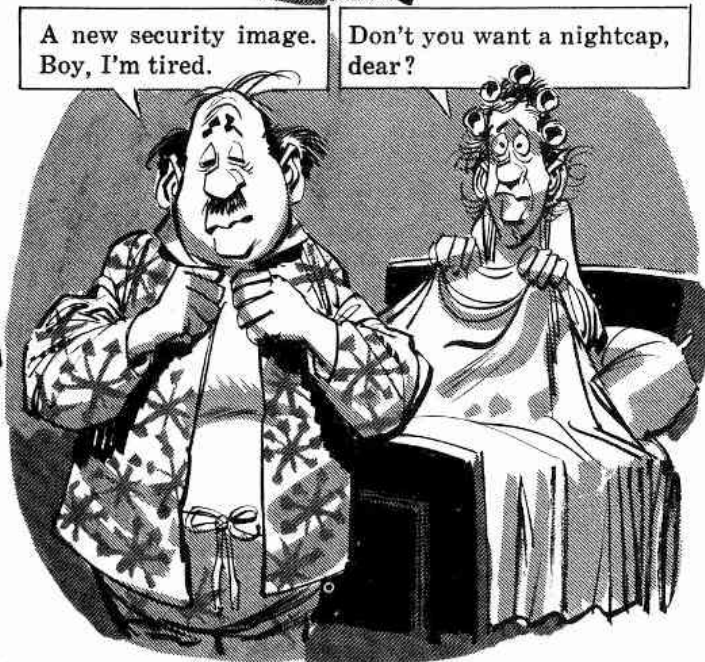
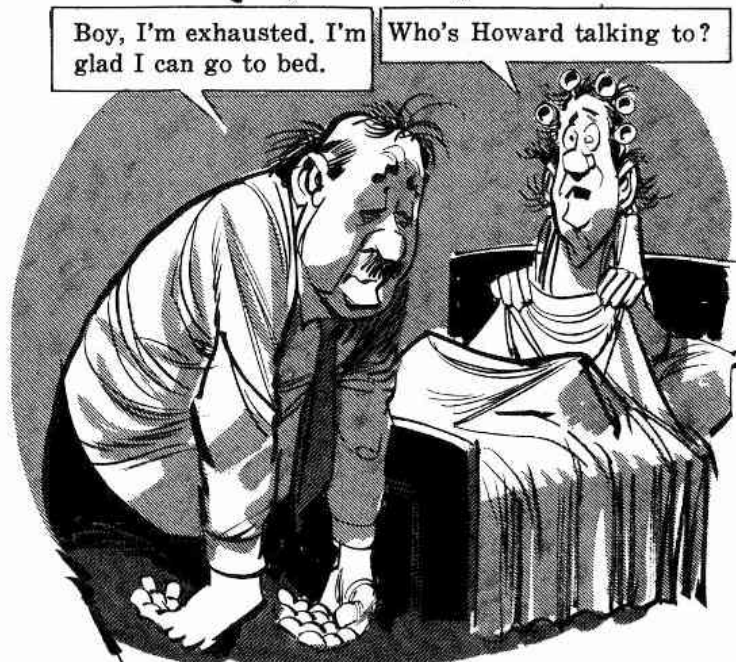
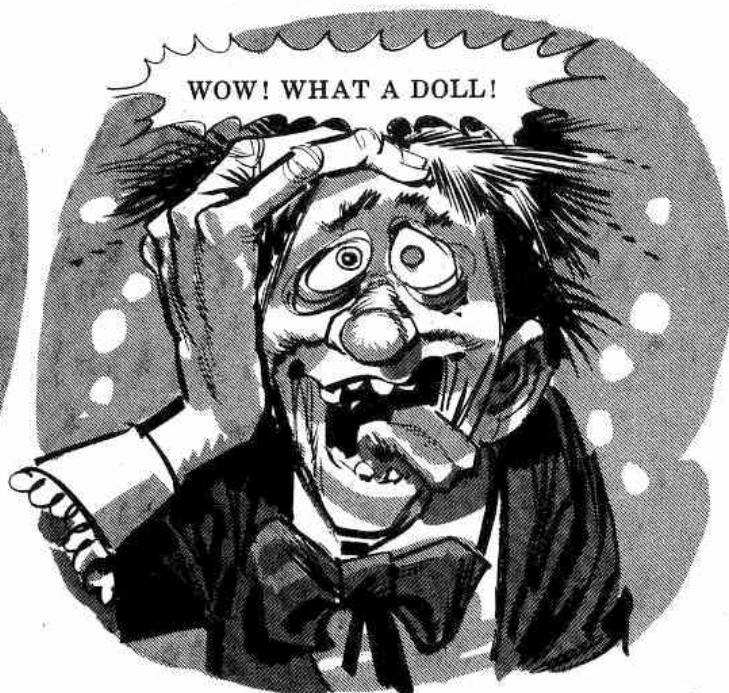
No. I hate firemen.

Then, how about some
matches? You could set
your own fires—that will
bug the firemen. Or how
about a pet dog you could
neglect and mistreat?

I'm in love with Barbie,
dad.





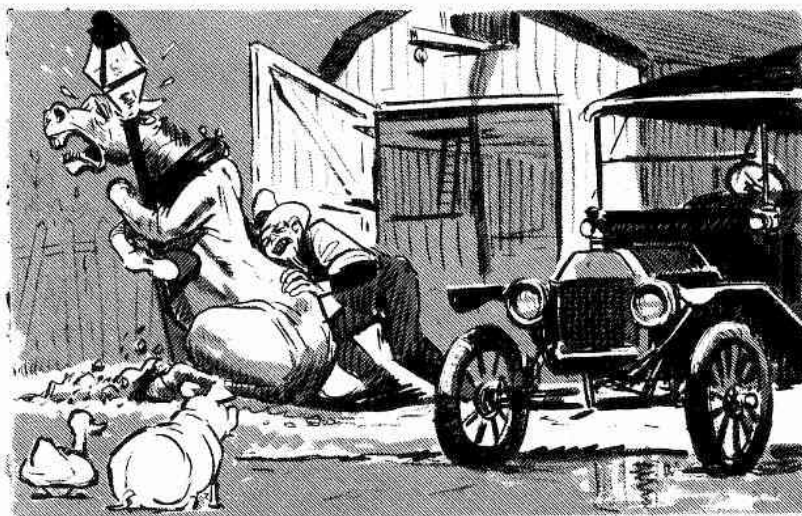




Art by Bob Powell

Where do we Park THE WHEELS?

EVOLUTION OF THE GARAGE



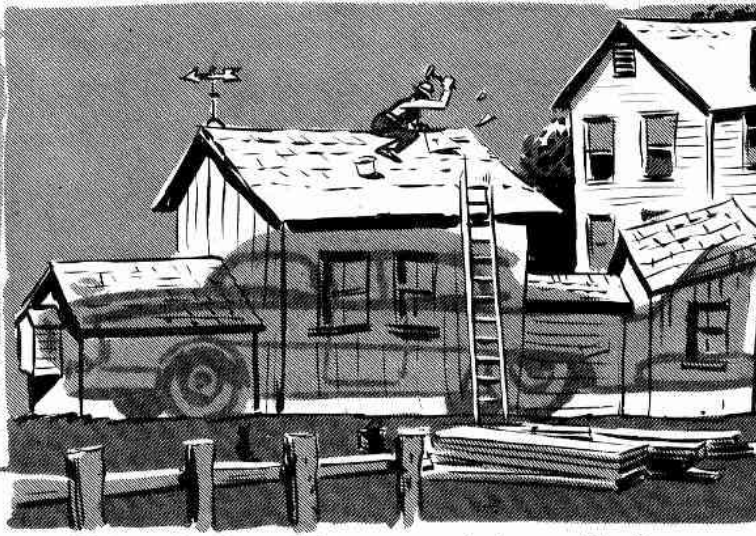
About sixty years ago, the horseless carriage drove the horse out of his barn, which thereupon became a garage. The origin of the word "garage" is French, dating back to the time of the Tudors. Surely, you've heard of a Tudor Garage.



Tradition kept the original garage at the back of the lot where the barn had been. Entry was from a narrow alley or back street, and quite properly anyone entering the house from the garage used the back door. This was a long walk, rain or shine, often with heavy bundles.



Because of this hazard in bad weather, someone suggested building a tunnel from the garage to the house. Still someone else suggested building the garage next to the house. Then, the first person asked, "If we do that, what do we do with the tunnel?" That's why, in some old homes today, the garage is next to the house and they have a tunnel leading to their backyard.



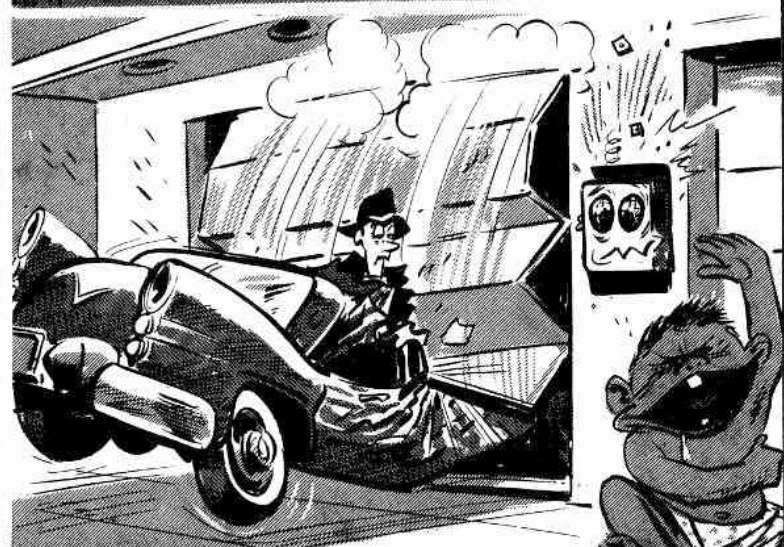
Not much changed in garage design until after World War II, when the automobile renaissance made cars grow longer and wider, sprout fins and bustles. This caught the building boom with thousands of new houses with attached standard-size garages, too small for the cars. Happy then the man with a separate garage, who could tailor it to his vehicle.

The new big-car rage spread. A big car was a prestige factor and the garages simply weren't big enough to hold them, forcing one financier to park his Ford in his Cadillac. This period also brought a new car on the market—the Edsel. A lot of people, today, still think the Edsel could be a success—but not as a car.

The second round of post-war housing projects produced a garage that could cover all of the flashy new car, and leave some room for the lawnmower. And then, folks found they needed a second car, a small one. Every family needed one big, bulky car for the boss of the house and a small, compact car (usually a low-priced model) for her husband. Where the dog-house was inadequate, concrete pads mushroomed beside the driveway, and lean-to's against the garage closed the gap temporarily.



So the garages grew. Soon they were featured in the real estate advertisements and pretty soon the model house was more garage than house. The builder never knew when a customer might come along with a two-big-car family rather than a one-big-car-one-small-car family. So two small doors were expanded to one large door, which made it easy to drive the car in, even though it took muscles to raise the door.



Contractors solved this problem by installing an electric eye in the driveway. When the occupant drove into the driveway, the electric eye opened the garage doors... when he drove out, the eye closed the doors. One suburban houseowner backed out of his driveway, confused the magic electric eye, which closed his doors and he could never get them open again. He had to sell the house. The new owner now gets into his garage through the kitchen.

THE GARAGE TODAY

And now, in the outer suburbs, the garage has come full circle, returning symbolically to its origins. This home embraces man, two machines, lawnmowers, garden tools and one small beast in an all-encompassing unit of modern shelter. But how about compact, sports and foreign cars? The foreign cars have flooded the American market—the German Volkswagen, the French Renault, the British Royles. Now, there is a new car from India called the Nehru. You put it in neutral and it stays there. These miniatures have left wide open spaces in the huge American parking area which are currently being remodeled into playrooms, dens or separate quarters for mother-in-law, leaving us just about where we started.





THE GARAGE OF TOMORROW

What will the garage of the future be like? Only time will tell, and we'll never know because we read Newsweek. It could be several tiers high and have runways and a heliport on top. You know they laughed

at Fulton's steamboat, but he didn't hear their laughs. He couldn't hear them, the damn steamboat was making so much noise.

McLINTOCK

"McLintock," a Batjac production for United Artists, is described as a slam-bang comedy-Western. "McLintock"—*"tock" rhymes with "lock"—we're sure "McLin" rhymes with something but we can't put our finger on it right now,* stars John Wayne and Maureen O'Hara. *How about "McTin"? Does it have to rhyme with a word?* The picture co-stars Chill Wills. *Each of his names rhyme with the other. Also with "Dills."* Now, if we only had found a rhyme for "McLin" it would have tied the whole thing up into a neat package. If you know of a word that rhymes with "McLin," will you write us? If you don't know a word that rhymes with "McLin," will you write us anyway?

The film lists Yvonne DeCarlo as a "guest star." That's a designation which movies use so you won't expect too much from her. Even when Yvonne stars in a picture, we don't expect too much from her and she never disappoints us.

Actually, that's not fair to Yvonne—she hasn't had much chance to display her acting ability. Her best role so far was in "Cleopatra." She wasn't in it at all. That almost happens in "McLintock." If she had stayed out of it altogether, she might have copped an Oscar.

It's odd how certain performers just don't appeal to us. Take Susan Hayward and Gregory Peck—they are both fine acting talents, but we always

avoid seeing them in pictures. If we saw them in a restaurant, we'd avoid them there, too. The biggest break we ever had was when Susan and Greg made a picture called "David and Bathsheba." If it had been just one of them, we wouldn't have gone to see it. We never missed a picture with greater satisfaction. We missed it when it played the first-run houses and then we couldn't wait until it came around to the neighborhood theaters, so we could miss it again. We often wonder why they don't team Gregory Peck and Susan Hayward in some more films? And let Yvonne DeCarlo be a guest star in those films.

"McLintock" was produced by Michael Wayne and directed by Andrew V. McLaglen. John Wayne plays a cattle baron. His name is George Washington McIntock. He says he was named after a United States President. We don't doubt his word, but we can't remember a President McIntock. You saw that one coming—right? Yvonne DeCarlo plays a housekeeper. This is type casting. We've always suspected that Yvonne kept a house somewhere. And that Susan Hayward worked in it and Gregory Peck played the piano.



Maureen O'Hara plays Wayne's proud and independent-minded wife. She wants to divorce Wayne, but they can't decide who gets custody of the hard feelings. Maureen returns to the ranch solely to see their daughter who has been attending a college in the East with Lucy Baines Johnson, a girl who was also named after a President—President Baines. Oh, this time you saw it coming.

That is what is called "telegraphing" a joke, or telling a joke in 16 words or less. Going to college with the President's daughter is no cinch. It's hard to do homework in the White House, what with the hi-fi and stereo going. It's probably the first time we've had three speakers in the house.

Maureen is jealous of Wayne's widowed housekeeper, Yvonne.



For appearance's sake, McLintock and his wife go to the station to greet their daughter, Rebecca. Strangely enough, the daughter doesn't look like Wayne or O'Hara, leading moviegoers to suspect the wrong girl got off the train or they met the wrong train. This gives the girl a distinction—she's the only person in the film who doesn't look like John Wayne.



A budding romance between Rebecca and Rod Warren seems to be following the fiery course of Wayne's marriage. After a series of spats, Rod shows her who's boss and Wayne heartily approves of Rod's caveman tactics.

The trouble with women today is that they don't like the rough-and-tumble type of he-man anymore. That's why he-men like John Wayne and Vic Mature have trouble getting dates. Lately, John Wayne has been dating Victor Mature. The strong, silent type has gone out of style. Take Sonny Liston—and if you can take Sonny Liston, you can make a fortune.

Yvonne DeCarlo, making one of her only too rare appearances in the film, takes a few drinks too many while mustering up courage to tell Wayne she's leaving. We've got to hand it to Yvonne, she does a great drunk. It's hard to do. You've never seen Dean Martin or Mickey Rooney drunk—in a movie?

The great German actor of silent films, Emil Jennings, played a great drunk. For his part in "The Last Laugh" he studied drunks for years—how an intoxicated man acted, talked, moved. Jennings studied a drunk's speech, his hesitant, staggering walk. Finally, he had it all down perfectly.

When it came time to do the drunk scene, Jennings staggered realistically out of a bar—he hit the fresh air and sobered right up.





*Didn't we do
this in our
last picture?*

*Yes, it seems to
me I'm going over
familiar ground.*

Maureen discovers John and Yvonne sprawled out on the floor and she is furious. Roused to exasperation by Maureen's nagging, Wayne chases her through town, catches her and spansks her soundly.

After the spanking, Wayne stalks off. Realizing she still loves him, Maureen runs wildly after him and throws herself into his arms. This just shows how unrealistic movies are. You spank a girl and she'll call a cop

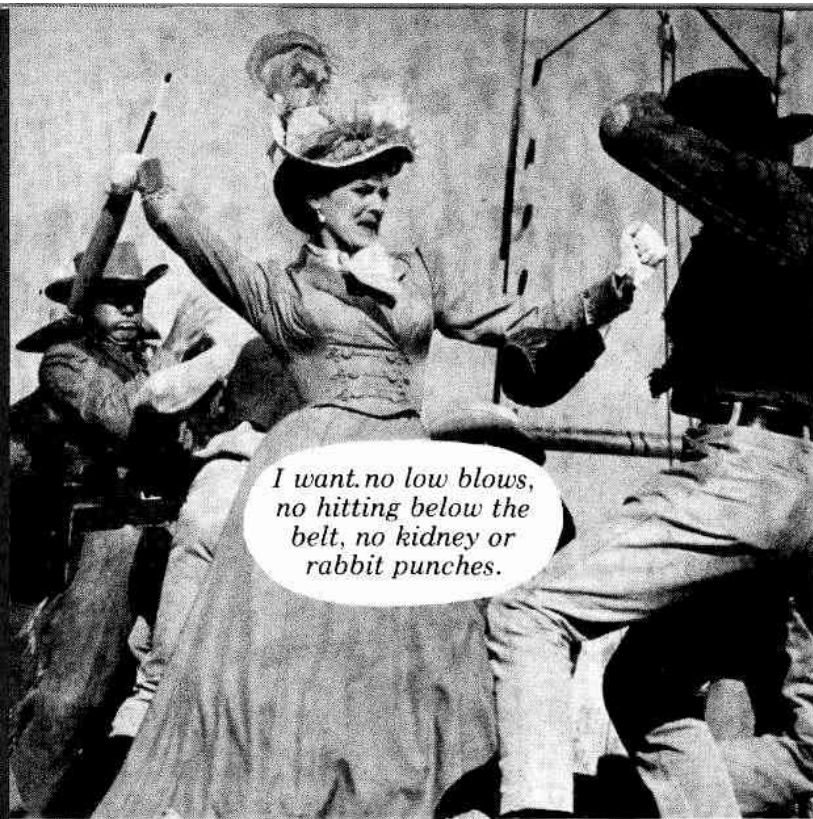
The high spot of low comedy in "McLintock" is one of the wildest and most hilarious fight scenes committed to celluloid; a madcap, mud-slinging melee which would do honor to Laurel and Hardy.

What we liked most about the fight were the referee's instructions:

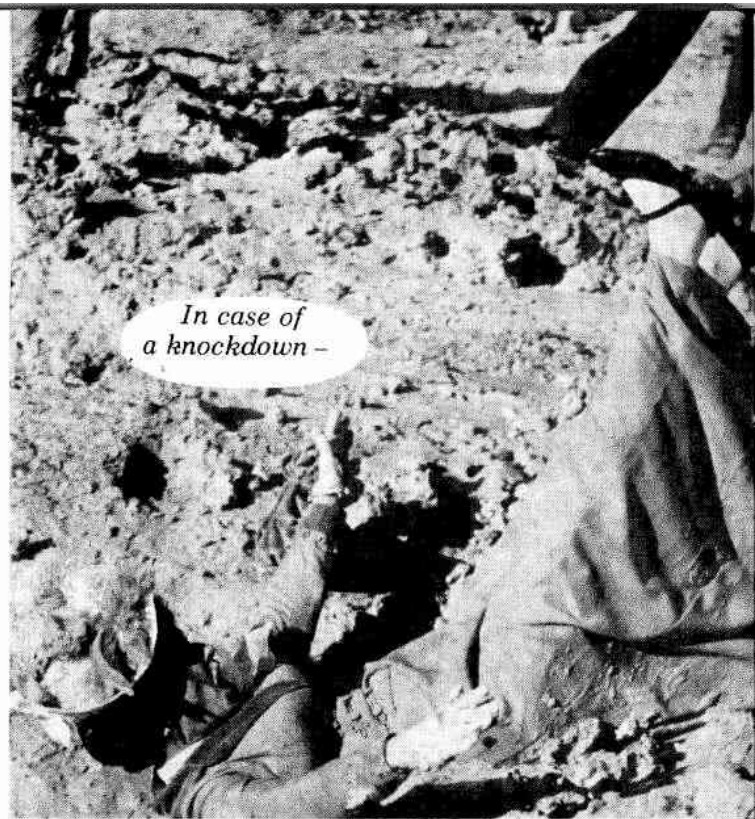
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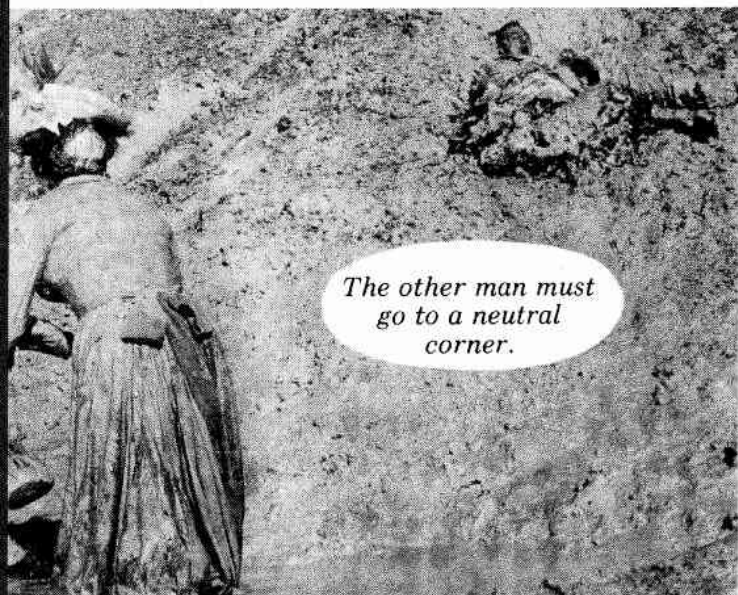
*Now, fellas, we want a good,
clean fight. You all know
the rules of the
Athletic Commission...*



*I want no low blows,
no hitting below the
belt, no kidney or
rabbit punches.*



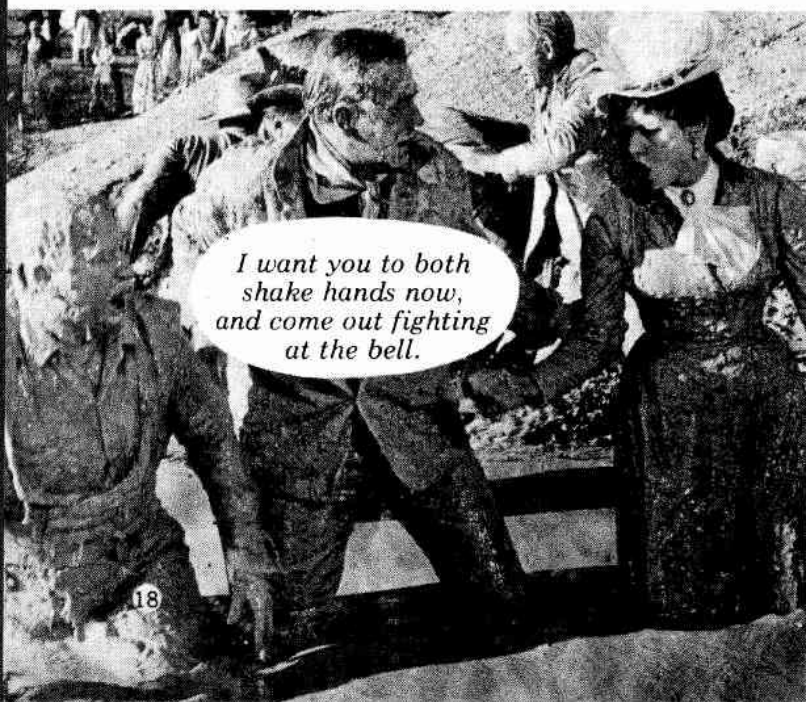
*In case of
a knockdown -*



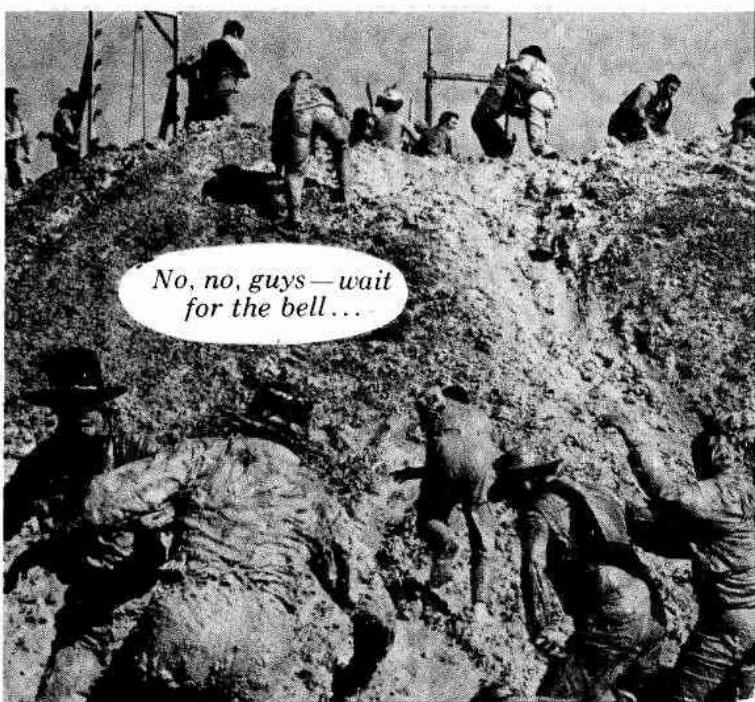
*The other man must
go to a neutral
corner.*



*In case of a clinch,
I want you to break
when I yell "break"...*



*I want you to both
shake hands now,
and come out fighting
at the bell.*



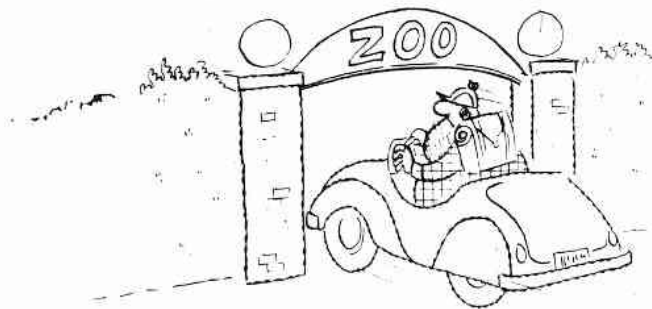
*No, no, guys - wait
for the bell...*

The Unfinished Symphony

by Art Pottier



We want to see Lyndon Baines Johnson giving a tour of his LBJ Ranch sometime soon on TV. "This is a stereo set, a gift from a Maryland insurance man... This is our RCA Color TV set, given to us by a Texas oilman. Here is our new GE automatic movie projector, a gift from a Detroit garbage disposal operator..."



Sick, Sick World

MINUTE MONOLOGUE:

Barry Goldwater has been making some pretty rash statements in speeches lately. These are the statements we hear. Every candidate has a staff of advisors who go over their speeches and suggest changes. We'd love to read one of Barry's speeches before these censors get to it.

GUY ON PHONE: Hello, Barry? Marsh Billings over at Speech Clearance. Been going over tomorrow night's speech. Couple of things bothered me. Like this statement we should invade Red China. A lot of people don't want another war, Barry. What? Am I sure it will bring on a war? Well, no, but why take chances? And then there's your plea to resume nuclear testing in the atmosphere. But, Barry, in the atmosphere over Russia. Isn't that dangerous? Won't it pollute the atmosphere with radioactivity? Who cares? Yes, Barry, what is it? You think you need a campaign song you can be identified with? I see—something people can sing when you appear to make a speech. I haven't given it much thought, Bar, but how about—"Call Me Irresponsible."?

Reading, Pennsylvania, is having trouble over its parking meters. There are too many of them. Reading is the only city in the United States that has parking meters at bus stops. There are 45,000 people in Reading and 65,000 parking meters. Some families are supporting two meters.

Reading was the scene of a population explosion two years ago—someone blew up an oil refinery.

People who live in Reading park their cars in the suburbs. They commute to their cars.

Police broke up a call-girl racket in Nassau County, Long Island, which was employing housewives as call girls. Wouldn't it be something if a guy in Nassau tried to get a date with a call girl and it turned out to be his wife? It would be the first time a lot of those guys had gone out with their wives in years.

A Wisconsin GI murdered his wife, drove her body across the country, buried it, and sued her for divorce charging desertion. The judge said he'll get the divorce if his wife doesn't contest the action.

Rep. Michael Feighan (D-Ohio) wants Richard Burton's visa revoked. Feighan said "His conduct is a public outrage. It is highly detrimental to the morals of the youths of the nation." Is Feighan referring to Liz Taylor when he says "youths" of the nation? Can you imagine the scene when Burton applied for his American visa?

Clerk: What sort of work will you be doing in the United States?

Dick: I will be a public outrage.

Clerk: Can anyone guarantee you steady employment in this work?

Dick: Yes.

Clerk: Are you married to an American citizen?

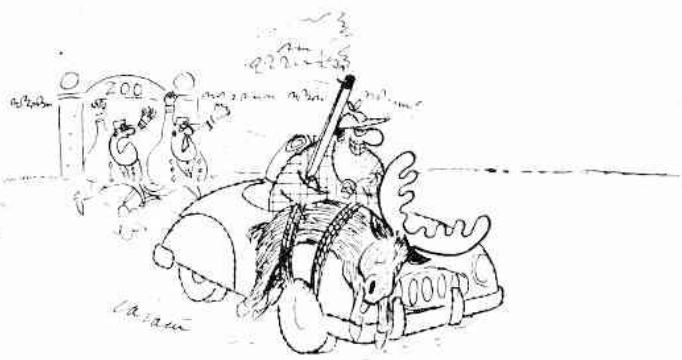
Dick: Yes—you might say that.

Clerk: What is your purpose in coming here?

Dick: To film "Iguana." An Iguana is a cold-blooded reptile.

Clerk: All right, as long as you don't bring it into the country.





Jack Douglas dedicated his latest book to his mother and father—Tina Louise and Harold MacMillan...

Secretary of State Dean Rusk, enroute to Japan for trade talks, lost eighty dollars playing poker on the plane. It's a small point, but couldn't we find a Secretary of State who *wins* at poker? We guess it's only money but what does Rusk play for when his cash runs out?

RUSK: *I raise you—I bet our right to free access to West Berlin in the Autoban.*

In throwing her hat into the ring, Margaret Chase Smith, Senator from Maine, used typical female illogic saying: "No woman should dare enter the Presidential race. The odds are too heavily against me...A woman would not have the physical stamina...I do not have the financial resources or the professional political organization...I would have to be away from my desk in the Senate...So, because of these very impelling reasons against my running, I have decided that I...**SHALL RUN.**"

Here is an exclusive **SICK** interview with the candidate:

Interviewer: Senator Smith, what do you think about Cuba?

Senator: I think because there are Russian troops there, because Castro is spreading Communism throughout Latin America from Cuba and because of his latest anti-American actions on Guantanamo Bay, that we shouldn't invade it.

Interviewer: I see. How about the Berlin Wall?

Senator: I abhor a divided city of Berlin. I think the wall is a symbol of oppression and I think personal rights must be protected.

Interviewer: Then, you think we should tear down the wall?

Senator: No, we should leave it alone.

Interviewer: How about Viet Nam?

Senator: I think the present government is not pursuing the war with the Viet Cong. I think that the recent junta does not represent the people and I don't trust the head of the current government in Viet Nam.

Interviewer: And so?

Senator: So, I think we should back the current government.

Interviewer: Well, Senator Chase, thank you for granting us this revealing interview.

Senator: I didn't like your looks or your manner and I heartily disapprove of the publication

you represent—that's why I gave you the interview.

Interviewer: Well, personally, Senator Chase, I must admire your courage and your grasp of the world situation. I think it's time a woman ran for President.

• • •

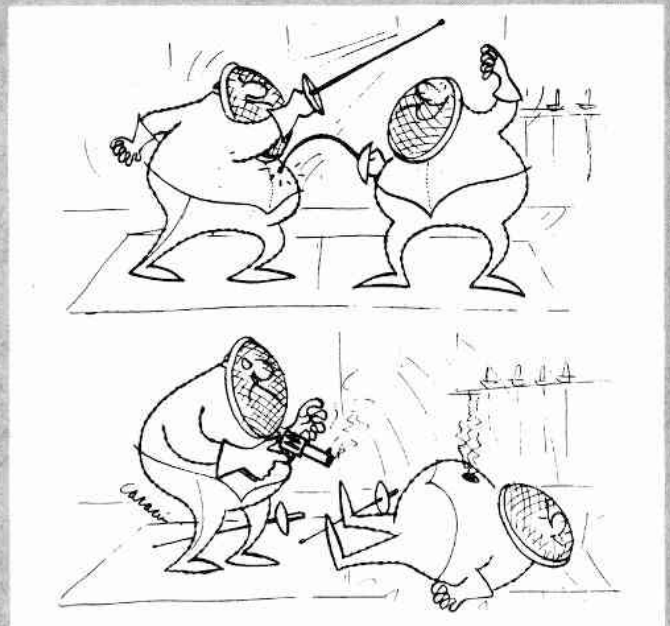
Here's how we see the 1964 GOP Presidential Handicap—a race for 35-year-olds and older.

POST POSITIONS HORSE DOPE SHEET

1. Barry Goldwater... *Sore foot could hinder him—tendency to look back over his shoulder.*
2. Richard Nixon... *Came in second in last starts.*
3. George Romney... *Will run if coaxed.*
4. Nelson Rockefeller... *Big bankroll riding on him...Will run with a mudder.*
5. Henry Cabot Lodge... *Carries a lot of weight. In 1960 Handicap, ran fourth in a four-horse race.*
6. William Scranton... *Dark horse, could come from behind.*

Track fast—distance four years

• • •



Guy was so poor his family got food from Europe. When he was 8 years old, he was adopted by a Korean family...

Now, all Liz needs is something blue.

Jack Paar visited Dr. Albert Schweitzer in his jungle hospital. Paar got a bill for \$25.00 for an office visit. Dr. Schweitzer has become world famous for his jungle hospital. Can you imagine how big he could have been if he had practiced in a good neighborhood?

And can you imagine how much bigger he could have become if he had stayed in medical school and graduated?

Whatever Happened to Joan Crawford?

When a new movie opens at several neighborhood theaters in New York, the star customarily makes a whirlwind tour of the openings to appear briefly on the stage of each theater. Recently, Joan Crawford

made a tour of 14 theaters to plug her new movie, *Strait-Jacket*, and by the time the tour was over, she needed one. Here is the scene at one of these theaters before Joan arrived.

MONOLOGUE

Script by Dee Caruso and Bill Levine

Art by Gray Morrow

FROM THE AUTHOR OF 'SCHIZO',
THE DIRECTOR OF 'GERMICIDAL' AND
THE CO-STAR OF 'WHAT EVER BECAME
OF AQUANITA?'

WARNING!
'STRAIT-JACKET'
VIVIDLY
FEATURES
LUTTA
BLOOD
AND
GORE!

STRAIT-JACKET

starring
JOAN CRAWFORD

MISS CRAWFORD'S JACKETS FASHIONED BY EDITH'S HEAD



Good evening, movie-goers. As you probably know, tonight the 57th Street Loew's Coliseum Nabe will present the premier of *Strait-Jacket* and we'll have the star of that film, the glamorous and charming, Miss Joan Crawford onstage to meet and greet you for 3½ minutes. While she's here, Joan will answer all your questions. I know she was scheduled to be here at 8:05 through 8:08, but it seems that she went to the RKO Albee in the Bronx by mistake, where *How the West Was Won* is playing. We'll get the mixup straightened out soon.

Meanwhile, are there any questions you may have for Joan Crawford that I might answer? Yes, sir? "Why did I divorce Robert Stack?" I didn't know Joan was married to Robert Stack. She was? Sir, you seem to know quite a bit about Miss Crawford's private life, would you like to come up here and answer a few questions?

Are there any other questions—not about Robert Stack? Yes? "Who is Joan's co-star in *Strait-Jacket*?" I can answer that—it's Tony Hayes. He'll be here on our stage soon—right now he's with Joan plugging *How the West Was Won*. Are there any questions about Tony Hayes?

Yes sir? "Why did he leave Robert Stack?" Tell me something, sir, did Robert Stack send you here to ask those questions? Oh, you're Robert Stack. "You can't seem to hold a wife or a friend." Any other questions? Yes? "Who are we waiting for?" Joan Crawford and Tony Hayes. Another question? "What is Joan's relationship with her new leading man?" I can't answer that—as far as I know they're just friends. What, Bob? Yes, I know he was once your friend and she was your wife. "You don't know which one you miss the most." Don't worry, Bob, you'll find other friends and another wife. What, Bob? "Not with 500 shares of Pepsi-Cola stock." No.

Oh, are you leaving, Bob? Can I take a message from you? Certainly. Say "You waited as long as you could. To please call you. You want everything as it was. There has never been anyone else in your heart." I've got it. Is that for Joan or Tony? "It doesn't matter to you." Good night, Bob.

Let's face it, folks, it doesn't look like they're coming right away. I think we better show the picture. I'm sure, after you see the picture, you'll have a lot more questions to ask Joan. Emery, will you run the film. What's that? Oh, sorry, folks, the film hasn't arrived. It's in the bus with Joan and Tony.

I can't tell you how embarrassed I am. I'll do anything to make it up to you, short of giving you your money back. Is there anything else I can do for you? Yes, Madam? "Bring back Robert Stack?" You liked him. Maybe we'll have Bob in our audience again some time. I don't know how we could arrange it.

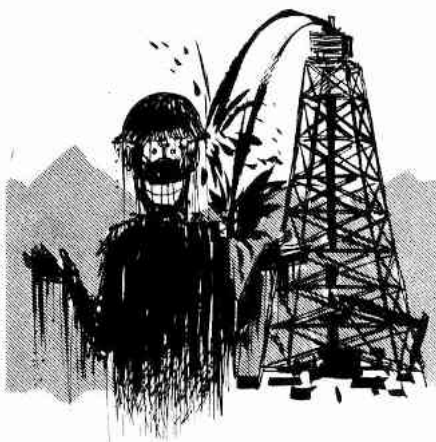
What, sir? "Just invite Joan Crawford back." You think that would do it.

Well, we don't have *Strait-Jacket* but how would you like to see *How the West Was Won*? Yes, sir? "Is Joan Crawford in *How the West Was Won*?" Well, no, sir, she isn't. "Then, you want to see it. Run the film, Emery."



Our writers can't read but our readers can write---

SICK SWIFTIES



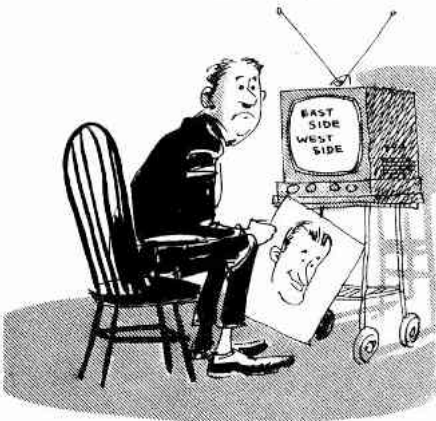
"I smell oil," he said, crudely.

Chuck Beilke
25 Windom Terrace
North Adams, Mass.



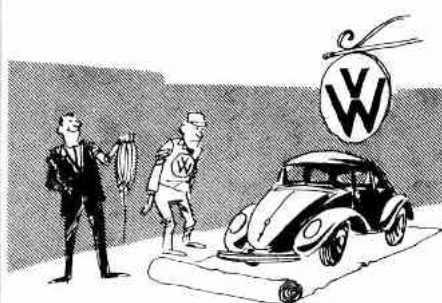
"My dishes are so clean," she said, thrillingly.

John Hopper
115 South 10th Street
Vincennes, Indiana



"We're without a comedian," he said, hopelessly.

Lynn Lichty
Antwerp, Ohio



"Wrap up this package," he said, cordially.

Glenn Schwartz
810 Astor Avenue
New York, N. Y.



"He's a blowhard," Sam said, huffily.

Peter Casasanto
1641 South 15th Street
Philadelphia, Pa.



"I have no money," he said, senselessly.

Jeffrey Charles Dolan
Martin Meadow
Plainfield, Vermont



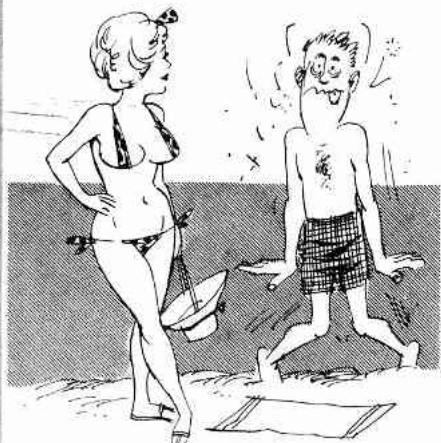
"Nonsense, I'll look back all I please," responded Lot's wife, saltily.

Bill
1608 River Bluff Rd.
Jacksonville, Florida



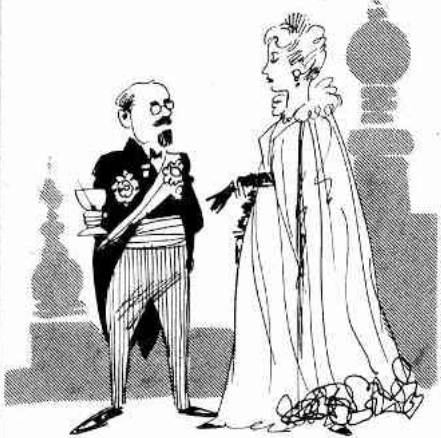
"Have a cigar," he offered, bluntly.

Barry Smolick
582 Shawmut Avenue
New Bedford, Mass.



"How do you like my bathing suit," she asked, briefly.

Sharon Boles
701 Elm Street
Boulder City, Nevada



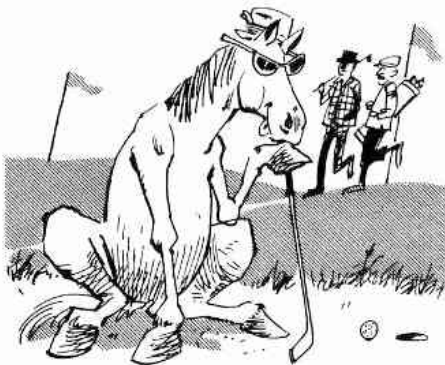
"When have you been to Monaco," she asked, Gracefully.

Lorinda Bevis
509 East Jefferson
Tallahassee, Fla.



"Wasn't that Oscar Wilde," he asked, queerly.

Emmett Kelley
821 Querida Drive
Colorado Springs, Colo.



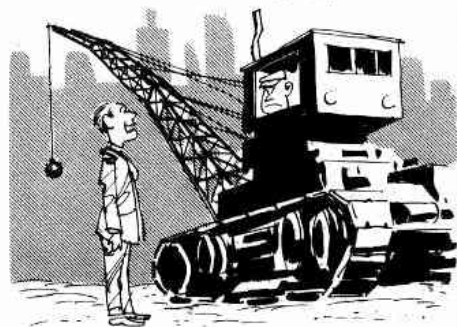
"There's Mr. Ed," he said, hoarsely.

Larry Jackson
1228 Xenin Avenue
Dayton, Ohio



"What is Teddy Roosevelt famous for," he asked, roughly.

Robert Quigley
3 Lancaster Drive
Scotia, N. Y.



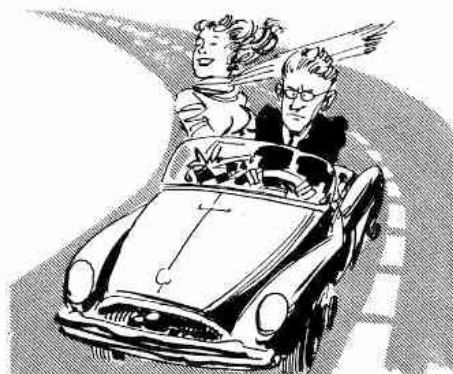
"Build me a house," he said, constructively.

Isaac Pachulski
735 North Kilkea Drive
Los Angeles, Calif.



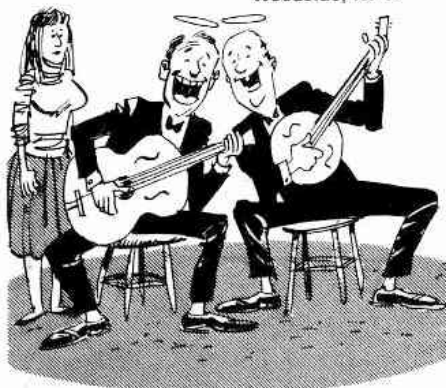
"What did Thomas Edison invent," he asked, lightly.

Steve Sertell
618 Westhaven Drive
Fostoria, Ohio



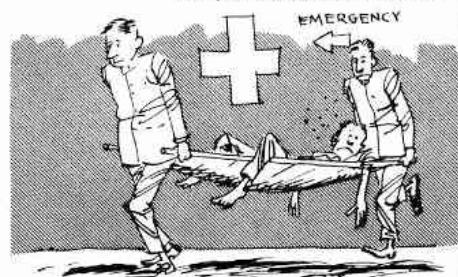
"We're boxed in," he observed, squarely.

Diane Rabinowitz
32-24 58th Street
Woodside, N. Y.



"We need a girl in the act," said Peter and Paul, merrily.

Michael P. Goodman
11 Lyncroft Road
Hampstead, Quebec, Canada



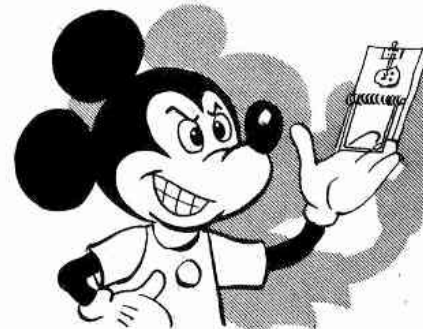
"I must have eaten too much soup," he moaned, Heinzsightedly.

David R. Bergman
West Dorm Box 42
21 Forsyth Street
Boston, Mass.



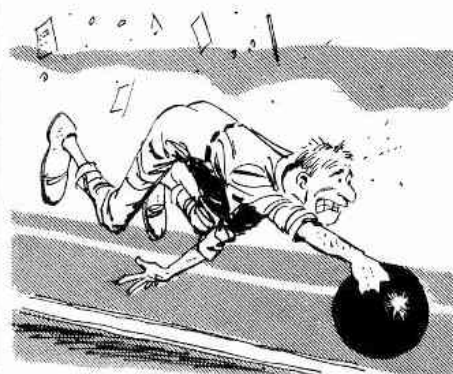
"Milwaukee won," he said, bravely.

Robert Korman
47 North Waterville Avenue
Le Center, Minn.



"I love cheese," he said, Craftily.

Martin Piercy
72 Fairview Plaza
Los Gatos, Calif.



"I get all the pins in two throws," said the bowler, sparingly.



"That snowman is moving," he shouted abominably.

Mike Hanley
532 Dallas Rd. #210
Victoria, B. C., Canada

YEAH! YEAH! YEAH!

MEET THE
BEATLES

MANIA

The First Beatle —

GEORGE HARRISON was born in Liverpool on February 25, 1943. SINGS and plays LEAD GUITAR. Met John Lennon and Paul McCartney in 1956 and the trio stayed together playing in a variety of skiffle and R. & B. groups before the formation of THE BEATLES in December 1960. He is a former apprentice electrician. Likes smallish blondes, driving, sleeping, television, Segovia and Chet Atkins guitar recordings, egg and chips, Eartha Kitt and films produced by Alfred Hitchcock. Dislikes having his dark-brown hair cut.

The Second Beatle —

JOHN LENNON was born in Liverpool on October 9, 1940. SINGS and plays RHYTHM GUITAR plus HARMONICA. Has provided the remarkable FALSETTO VOICE effects on the group's best-selling records. Attended Liverpool College of Art and bought his first electrified guitar from the proceeds of vacation building-site job. Likes steak, chips, jelly, curries, painting, modern jazz, cats, suede and leather clothing, Juliette Greco, The Shirelles and blondes who are intelligent. Dislikes traditional jazz and thick heads.



A new show business phenomenon is sweeping the world—*BEATLEMANIA*. The disease is marked by mobs of hysterical teen-agers, theaters packed to the rafters with screaming, fainting audiences, youths wearing mop-like haircuts and the most exciting new sound since air raid sirens.

Creators of this sound are four lads from Liverpool known collectively as *The BEATLES* and individually as George Harrison, John Lennon (*Head Beatle*), Paul McCartney, and Ringo Starr (See "*Meet the Beatles*" thumbnail sketch.)

In a few short years since they left the jazz cellars of Liverpool, the *BEATLES* have risen to prominence as international recording stars and entertainment headliners. They have made over 17 million dollars which, strangely enough, is the same amount of money the U. S. spent fighting mental disease last year.

More than five million copies of their records have been sold and in just four weeks their Capitol record, "*I Want to Hold Your Hand*", has jumped to number one on the charts while their "*She Loves Me*" is number three.

Their first recording was "*Love Me Do*" in October, 1962. It sold 100,000 copies, and it was the last time a Beatle record sold less than a half-million. Their two albums, "*Please Please Me*" and "*With the Beatles*," have already sold over 300,000 copies.

Their music is wild, pungent, hard-hitting, uninhibited, the Beatles can duplicate on theater-stage and ballroom-bandstand every exciting sound captured within the grooves of their records.



The Third Beatle —

PAUL MCCARTNEY was born in Liverpool on June 18, 1942. SINGS and plays BASS GUITAR. Having collected five passes in G. C. E. went on to pass English Literature at Advance Level. Speaks Spanish and German. Likes Kraft Cheese slices, steak, chips, all types of well-performed music, television, cars, Little Richard, Dinah Washington, Natalie Wood, Sophia Loren, and all girls who can make intelligent conversation. Dislikes shaving and all types of dishonesty.

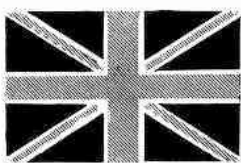
The Fourth Beatle —

RINGO STARR was born in Liverpool on July 7, 1940. Plays DRUMS and occasionally SINGS. Joined THE BEATLES in 1962. Has a streak of naturally grey hair. Likes steak and chips, fast cars, "anyone who likes me," Ray Charles, sleek suits, Dinah Washington, Brigitte Bardot, small and well-built blondes. Dislikes onions, Chinese food, motor bikes and Donald Duck.

Prime Minister Sir Douglas Hume:



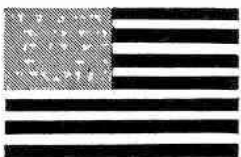
"The Beatles are Britain's own nuclear deterrent."



President Lyndon Johnson:



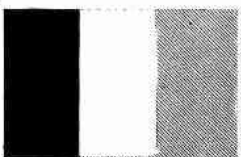
"Why do they need four men to do the job that three could do?"



France's Charles DeGaulle:

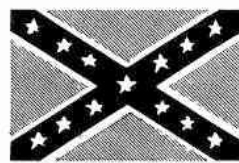


"If we don't approve of them, we still have to recognize their existence."



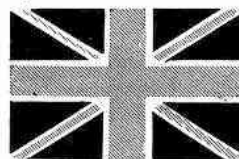
Governor Wallace of Alabama:

"Would you want your daughter to marry one?"



Winston Churchill:

"Never in the course of human history have so few made so much noise for so many."



Ed Sullivan:

"Now, let's really hear it for them."



Art by Angelo Torres

Beatleography

In the beginning there were only three Beatles, John, Paul, and George. They knew something was wrong:

We can't make it as a rock 'n roll quartet. We lack something, chaps, but what?



George plays lead guitar, John, you play rhythm guitar and harmonica and I play bass guitar. We sing awful, what else do you need?

Half a mo—George-guitar, John-guitar, me, guitar. I've got it! I know why we can't make it as a quartet.

Too many guitars?

We don't have a fourth! Don't you see chums, you can't have a quartet with just three—the minimum requirement is four.

I thought we were four. 1...2...3... By God, you're right. We are only three. I must have been counting one of us twice.

And I've been buying four train tickets for years.

In 1962 they met Ringo Starr, who played the drums. John explained his duties to Ringo.



The new Beatles, a four-man quintet, played in cellars all over Liverpool and the section around the Mersey River. In a short time, The Beatles had cleaned out more cellars than Roto Rooter. Then, they began working strip clubs in Liverpool. But this had its problems, as Paul explained:



Then, the act moved to London's Chinatown where they were a big hit in Chow Mein kitchens.



Then, the Beatles increased their wages to \$15 a week by going to Hamburg, Germany and working in the Indra Club, a rowdy strip club in a hot little cellar.

It was at the Indra that the Beatles met agent Brian Epstein, who started them on the road to fame and fortune.

Chaps, you have the first act I've seen that is louder than the audience. I enjoy hearing your screaming, yelling and shouting, but I'd like to hear you do a ballad.

That was a ballad.

I think with the proper publicity the Beatles could really start to take off.

Oh, no, we're not going back to strip joints.

First thing—I think you'll need a trademark. I think you have it in the funny way you cut your hair.

What funny way we cut our hair?

Great news, boys, you're going to do a performance before the Royal Family.

You mean the people who make the puddings?

No, the Queen and Prince Philip. We'll have to give the act some dignity. We'll have to take out the snide remarks and nasty wise-cracks.

That's our whole act.

Something I'd like to know—why do you all scream and yell so loud?

That's simple, Old Chap, so we can't hear each other.

The Beatles were a smash before the Command Performance audience. Said Head Beatle John Lennon to the lords and ladies:

People in the cheaper seats clap, the rest of you just rattle your jewels.

After their Command Performance the Beatles were in great demand.



They want you to do your act for Parliament.

You mean the cigarette people?

The act is doing well, but I think we need more publicity—We need a publicity stunt that will get us headlines.

We could get ourselves kidnapped.

Who will kidnap the four of you?

Are there four of us now? Oh, so there are.



We could swim the channel.

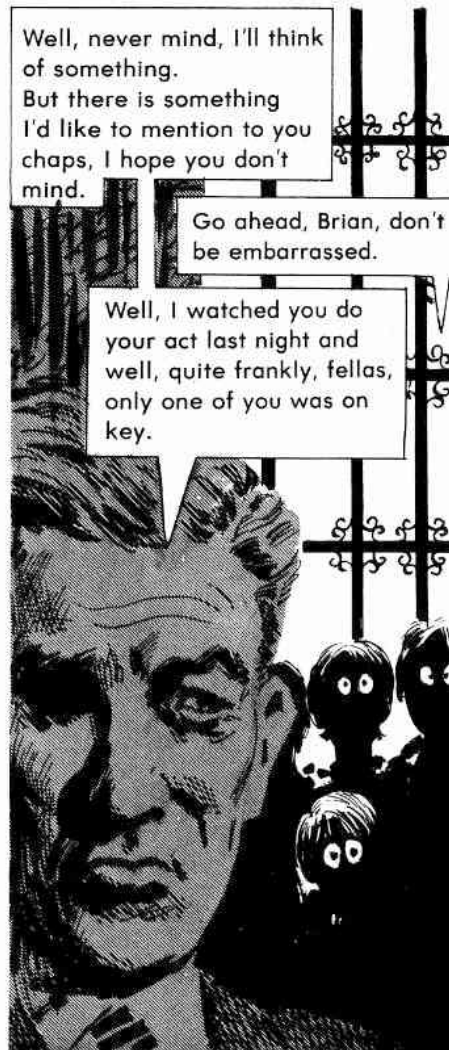
No, that's old hat—too many people have successfully swum the channel for it to be news any more.

What if we didn't make it?

Well, never mind, I'll think of something. But there is something I'd like to mention to you chaps, I hope you don't mind.

Go ahead, Brian, don't be embarrassed.

Well, I watched you do your act last night and well, quite frankly, fellas, only one of you was on key.



God—No!!!

That's terrible. Unforgivable.

Horrible. Glad you told us, Brian.

You just tell us which one it is, Brian, and we'll let him have what for.



A VIEW FROM THE CANAL

Those riots were a terrible thing. All that trouble over the raising of a flag—it's darn ridiculous.

Say, what does the Panamanian flag look like?

It has red and white stripes and white stars on a field of blue.

No—that's our flag.

Are you sure?

Yes, why?

I saw three schoolboys dragging it through the streets yesterday.

They can't do that to our flag—Old Glory. Did you stop them?

No, I helped them. I thought it was their flag.

To my mind, the Panamanians don't have a legitimate gripe. They claim American big business has crowded them out of their own country. That's just not true. There is equal opportunity here. Any Panamanian can compete on an equal footing with the United Fruit Company or Standard Oil.

As long as they don't try to sell fruit or drill oil.

Standard Oil isn't so tough to buck—Shell and Gulf are doing it.

And they want more rent for the Canal. If they keep that up, we'll move it.

How do you move a canal?

You hire some movers. Guys come and put everything into barrels. We could move it to Nevada.

Then, what would it connect?

California and Wyoming.

But California is connected to Wyoming now.

Not by water.

SICKNIFICANT NEWS AROUND THE GLOBE

Henry Ford II, 46, was divorced by his wife, Anne, after 24 years. She claimed mental anguish. That's the way it is with a Ford, once you start having trouble with one, the best thing to do is trade it in. Only in this case, the Ford is getting a new model. She is Italian born divorcee, Cristina Austin. Cristine says she "is often mistaken for Ingrid Bergman"...by Ingrid Berman. Ingrid keeps looking into her mirror and thinking she sees Christine... Ingrid is often heard saying, "Hello, Christine" to her mirror. We see Cary Grant in our mirror. Would you like to date us? How about our mirror?

Henry Ford 2nd was in Italy recently to buy a \$500,000 yacht.

It's a pity, for \$2,000 more he could have bought a light destroyer. The former Mrs. Ford got a settlement of \$16 million on a 46-year-old Ford. We traded in a Ford and got

only \$900, and it was only 9 years old.

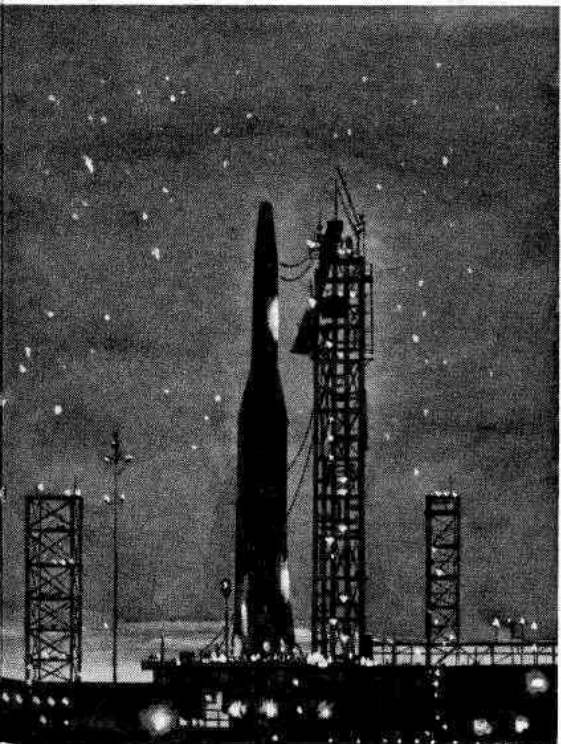
Guy in London, England, had three women living with him as his wives. One of them walked out. She claimed he was playing around.

The National Space Program recently launched a satellite,

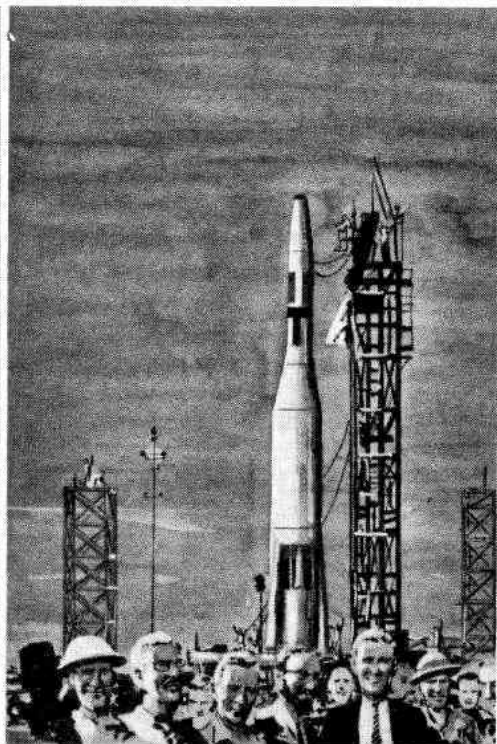
Ranger 6, to take pictures of the moon. The government claimed the rocket landed on target in *The Isle of Tranquility* on the Moon, but the rocket's cameras didn't transmit any pictures. As a matter of fact, there were several good pictures taken and we can print them here for the first time.

What makes these exclusive photographs unusual and even spectacular is that all of them were taken on the moon as *Ranger 6* prepared for the trip back. They were mailed to us from the moon in a plain manila envelope.

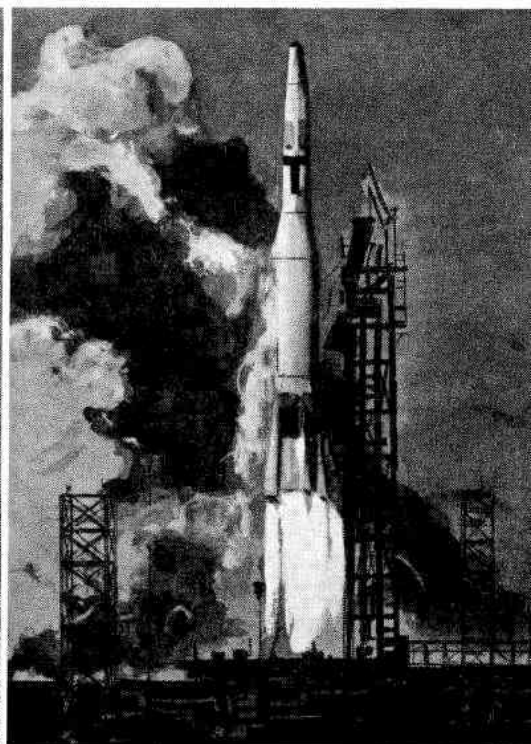
The Space Project will deny this, but we know the name of the Russian photographer who took these pictures. He is currently locked in a small room at LIFE Magazine.



The *Ranger 6* on launching pad ready for takeoff.



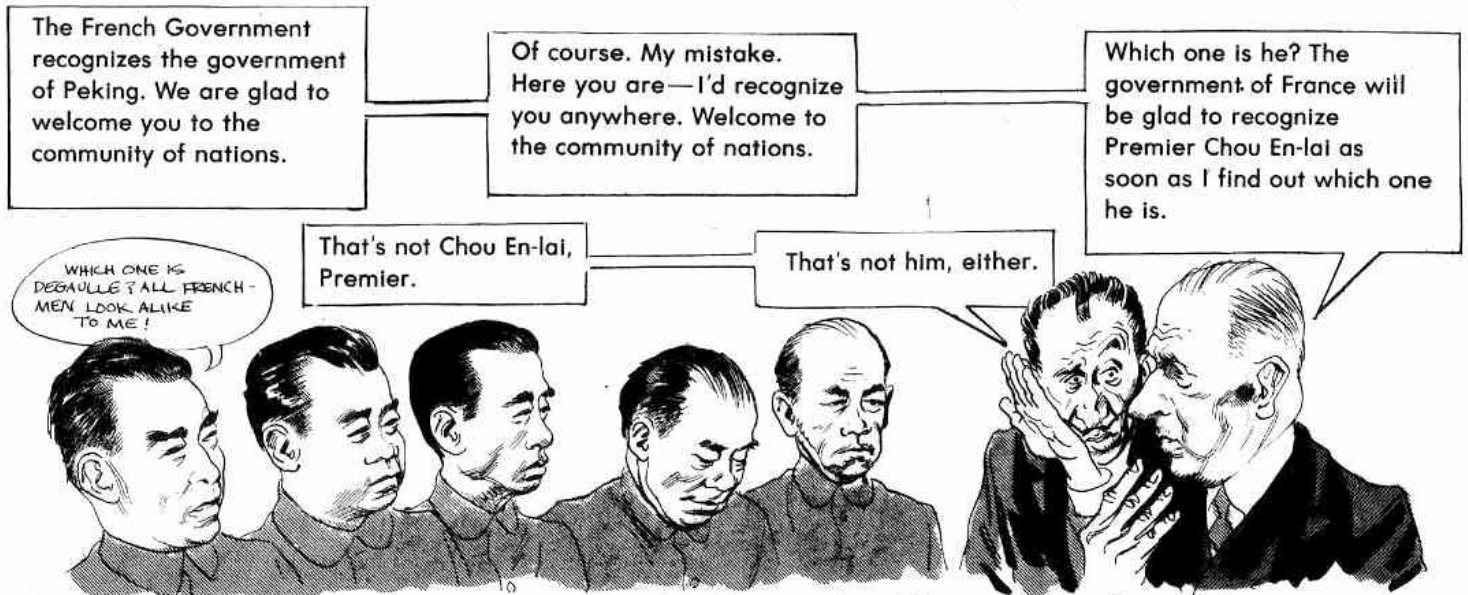
Happy crew members of *Ranger 6*, with their skipper, awaiting takeoff.



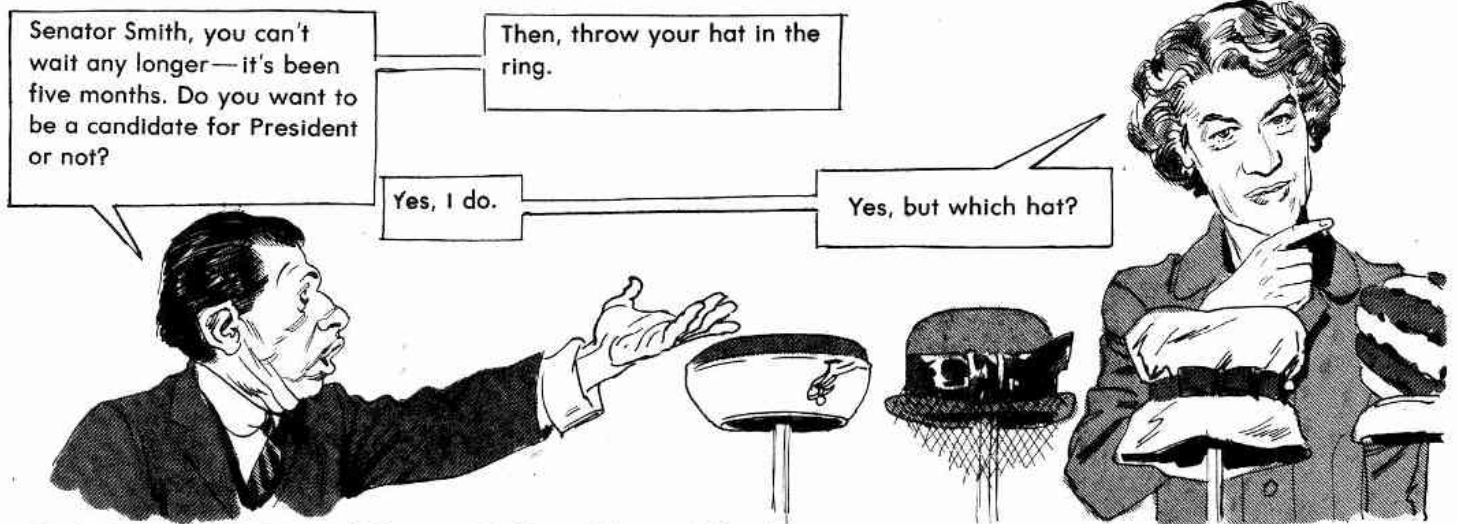
The *Ranger 6* Space Craft takeoff.

France's DeGaulle Recognizes Red China

Premier Charles DeGaulle of France made his recognition of Red China's regime official at a ceremony in his Palace welcoming Red Chinese Premier Chou En-lai.



Senator Margaret Chase Smith Seeks to be First Lady President



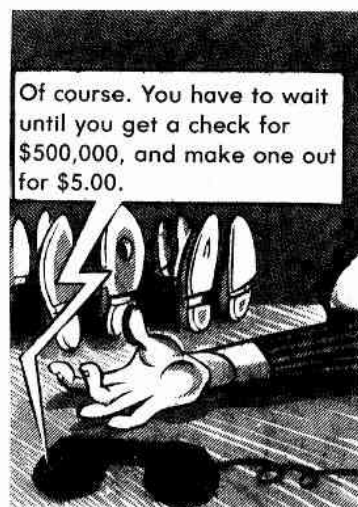
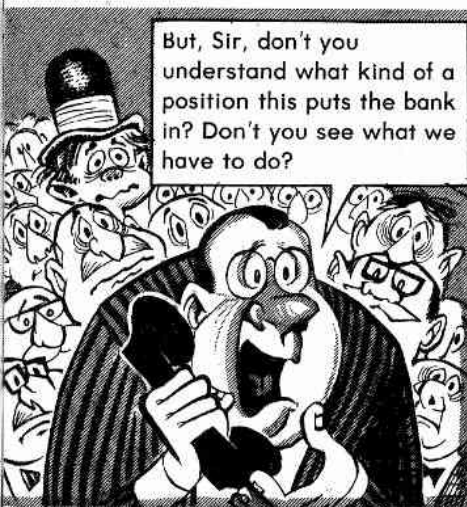
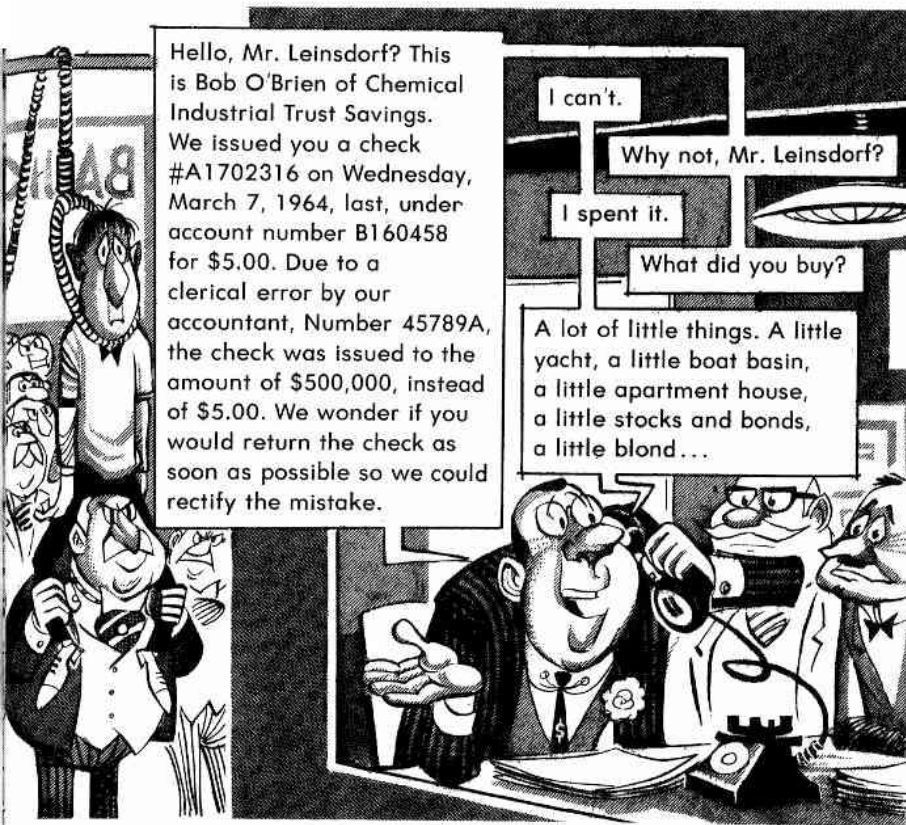
Celebrity Crime Wave Grips New York

The McGuire sisters were the last victims of New York jewel thieves. Their

hotel suite was robbed while they were performing at the Latin Quarter.



BANK GOOFS FOR HALF MILLION



PROFESSOR COLLECTS MOSQUITOES

A New York University Medical Department professor returned from the Congo with 2,300 rare mosquitoes and some pretty rare mosquito bites. His next expedition should be to New Jersey—we had 2,300 rare mosquitoes in the same room with us there one night.

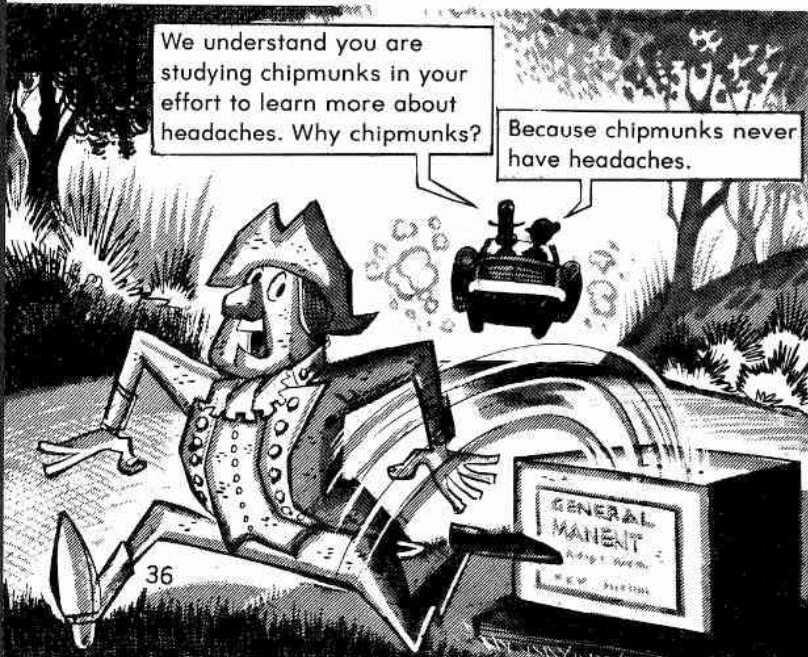
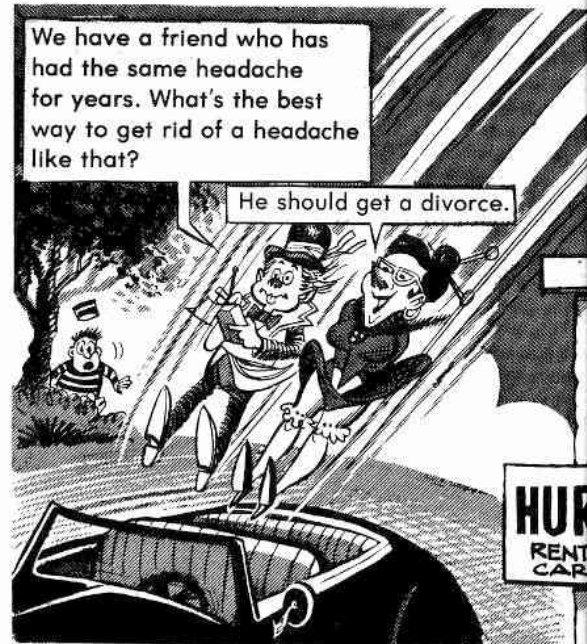
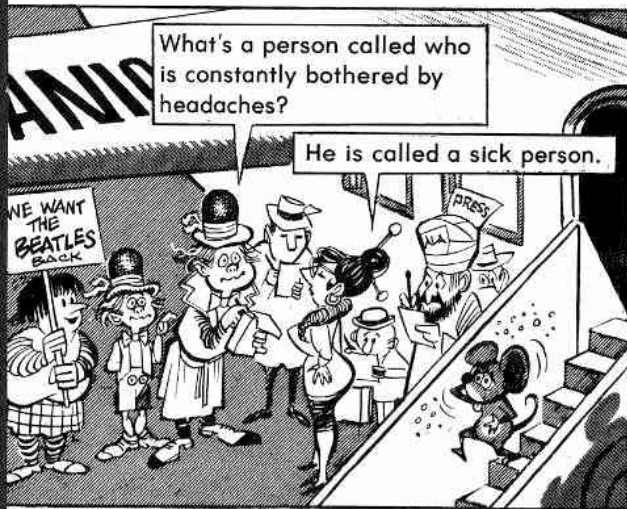
The professor is studying various tropical diseases. He would do the world a favor to find out when mosquitoes sleep. You know how mosquitoes buzz around and keep you awake all night? If we could discover when they get their rest, we could buzz around them, keep them awake all day and then at night, they'd be exhausted and we'd all get some rest. Another thing we'd like to know is where ants hold their picnics. People could go there and get into the ants' food.

Art by Vic Martin

Pat Nixon did over the Nixon family bathroom mostly with 24-carat gold-plated fittings. She purchased gold-plated faucets and spouts, gold-plated towel bar, gold-plated paper holder, a mirror with gold-plated frame, and a gold-plated doorknob. She also did the living-room in tile and white porcelain.



SICK interviews Dr. Helen Modell, foremost authority on the common headache.



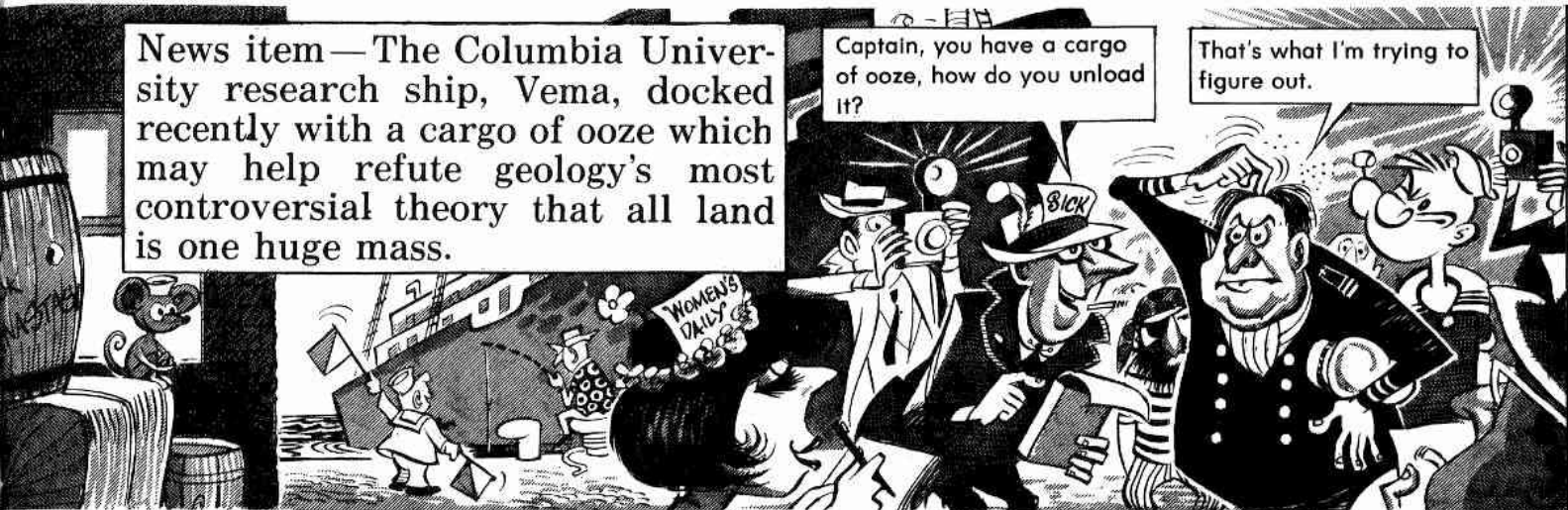
Science Sicktion

OOZE and BOMBS

News item—The Columbia University research ship, Vema, docked recently with a cargo of ooze which may help refute geology's most controversial theory that all land is one huge mass.

Captain, you have a cargo of ooze, how do you unload it?

That's what I'm trying to figure out.



Where did you get this ooze?

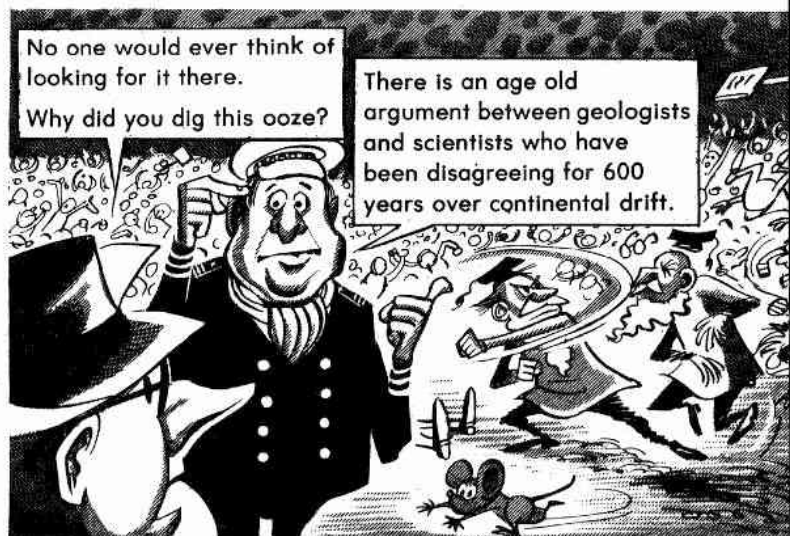
At the bottom of the Indian Ocean.



No one would ever think of looking for it there.

Why did you dig this ooze?

There is an age old argument between geologists and scientists who have been disagreeing for 600 years over continental drift.



And this ooze will settle that argument?

No.

When this ooze hardens, what will it be?

Hardened ooze.



Hydrogen Bomb

Dr. Edward Teller, often called the "father of the Hydrogen Bomb" has just written an article for all parents in Reader's Digest, called: "Do we expect too much from our children?"

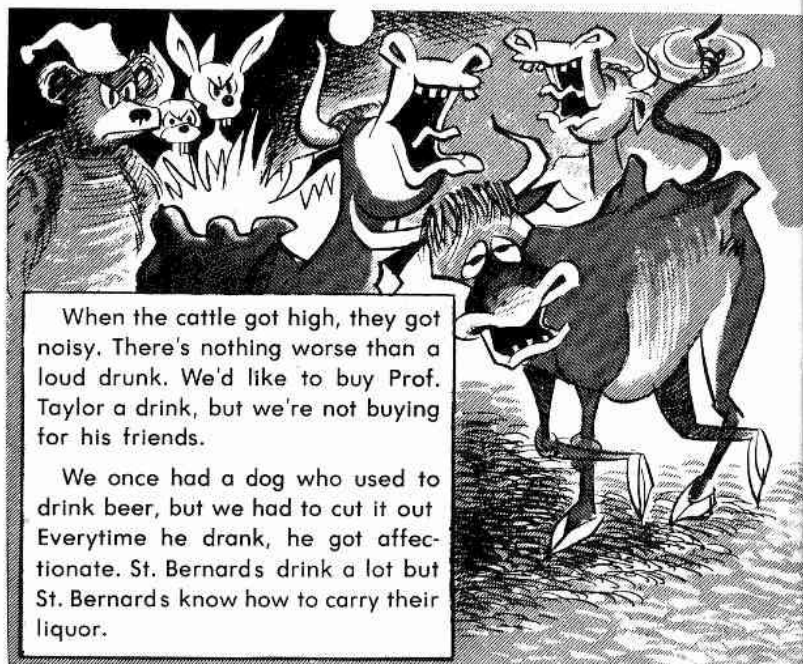


Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia—Drought-stricken rice planters engaged a witch doctor, (a bomoh) to bring rain and save their harvests.

The Bomoh danced for seven days and seven nights. He didn't bring rain, but now he's opening his own dance studio.



Agricultural scientists at the University of Arizona's animal science department, headed by Prof. Bruce R. Taylor, have found that cattle like whiskey. The scientists put a pint of whiskey in the drinking water of 48 bull steers and reported the steers liked the booze and some of them became drunk.



The experiment in Arizona is not the first time bulls have been given liquor. Matadors used to give bulls a drink before they went into the bull ring, but they cut it out because alcohol made the bulls belligerent.

We know bulls in Spain that were drinkers. We once saw some matadors in Madrid helping a bull into a cab.

VIVA MINGO, EL FLACO,
DONATO, JAIME, RAUL,
EL TURCO PANCHITO, JUANCITO
ANDRES, EDUARDO, HUGO
SEBASTIAN, JOE, FATSIL
TONY - JULIO Y LA BARRA
38 DE LA PIZZERIA

ARNOLDO Y DIANA
JOSE EL ROSARIO
HILDA SUSANA
(MI AMOR)



MADISON AVENUE

The oddest ad campaign of the year is undoubtedly the campaign by ALIAS Rent-A-Car who printed ads stating: "You have to try harder when you are only second best."

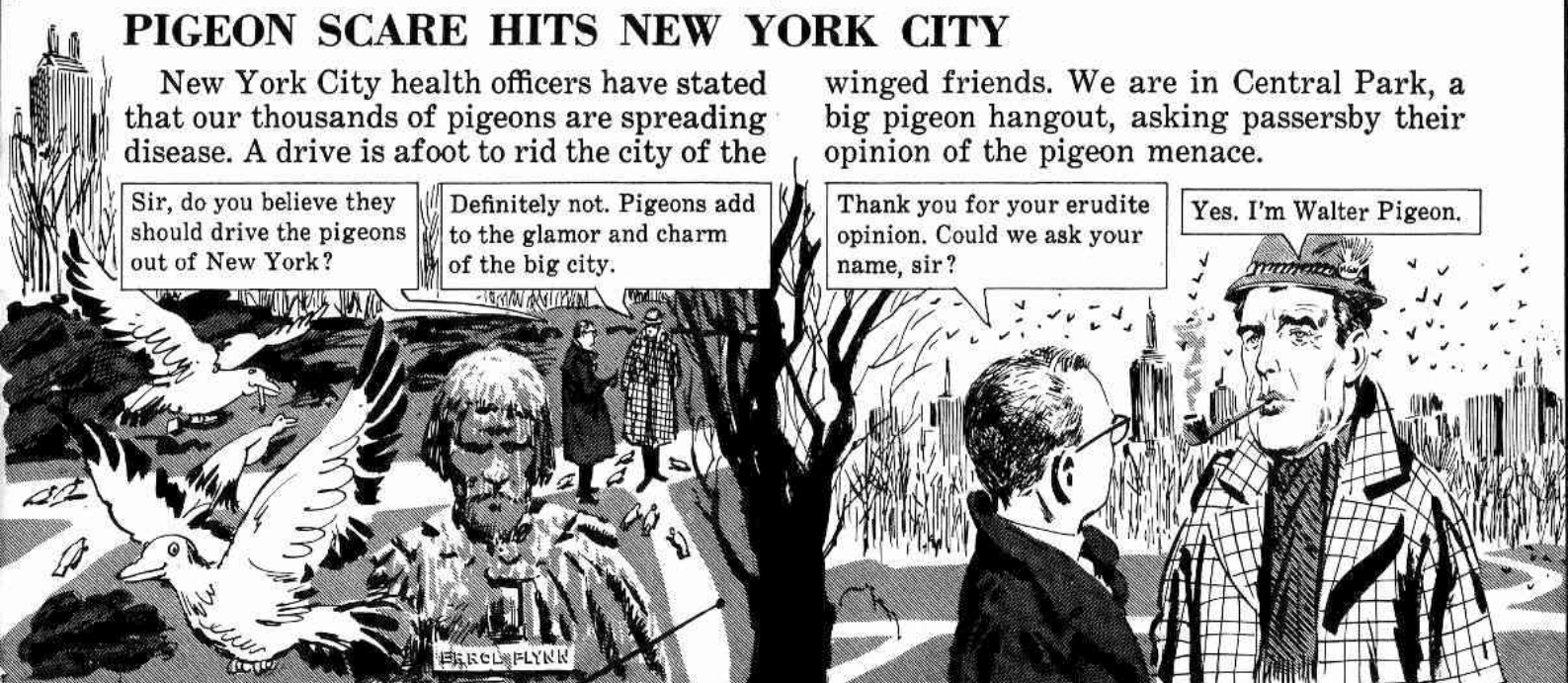
SICK went to the office of Harrison Alias, head of the Alias advertising department, and asked about the campaign.



PIGEON SCARE HITS NEW YORK CITY

New York City health officers have stated that our thousands of pigeons are spreading disease. A drive is afoot to rid the city of the

winged friends. We are in Central Park, a big pigeon hangout, asking passersby their opinion of the pigeon menace.



FIRST AUTHENTIC JAPANESE MOVIE THEATER OPENS

Welcome to first New York authentic Japanese movie house, Soho Theater. Before seeing picture, would you like to have some tea in our Tea Garden Lounge?

Wonderful. Do you have almond cookies?

No, we don't have almond cookie, what do you think this is—Japanese restaurant? This movie house. Pineapple chunks we have, but not almond cookie. Could I see ticket?

Here you are?

This is laundry ticket.

My mistake.

No mistake, your shirts are ready.

We'd like to make a reservation for December 7th—it's my birthday.

Sorry, on December 7th Japanese movie house is closed.

Oh?

Yes, we close for party.

What picture is playing here now—"Rashamon" or "Gates of Hell"?

Neither. Now playing—"Palm Beach Weekend" and a Keye Luke short.

For a Japanese, you speak wonderful English. Did you study in an American college?

Hah, joke on you. I'm an American—But I studied at a Japanese college.

COMING ATTRACTION

GODZILLA

KING KONG VS II

RODAN

BAMBI VS MOTHRA

DUMBO VS DISNEY

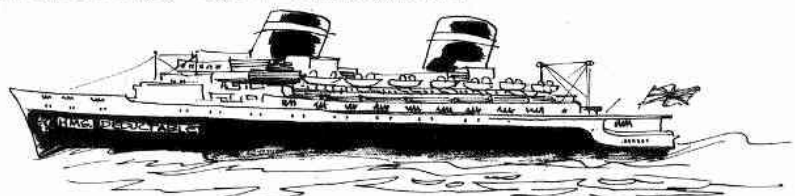
GLEOPATRA

AND KEYE LUKE SHORTS

GRATEFUL BOSS TAKES WORKERS ON CRUISE

LONDON—Arthur Allwright took his factory workers on a 10-day Mediterranean cruise as a Christmas present.

SCENE: Allwright's office. Shop Steward enters.

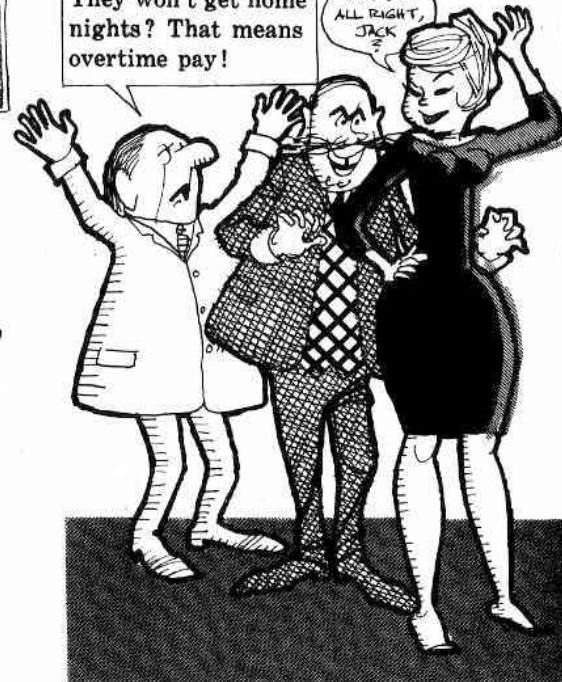


Is this a work stoppage, Allwright?

No. I just wanted to take the employees on a ten-day holiday.

They won't get home nights? That means overtime pay!

ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, JACK?

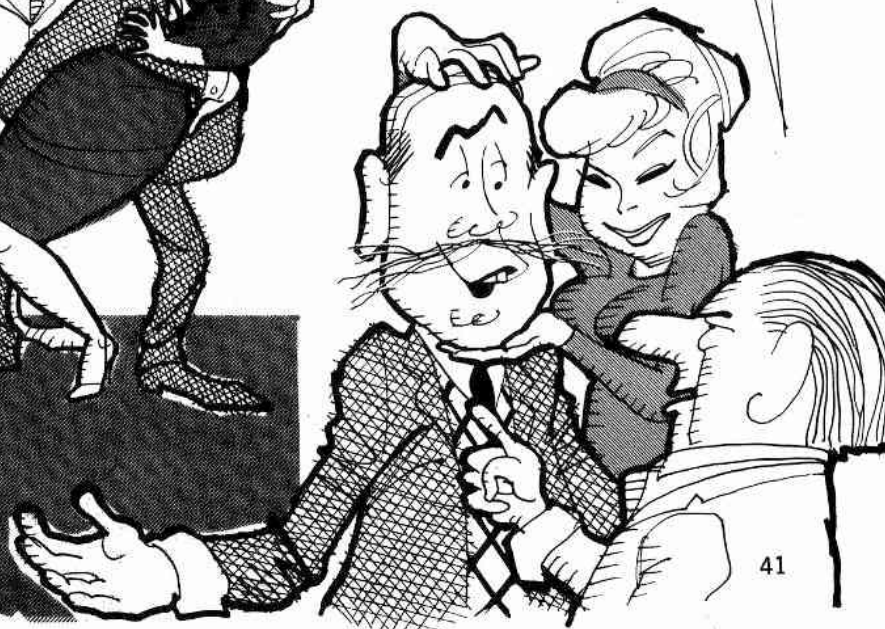
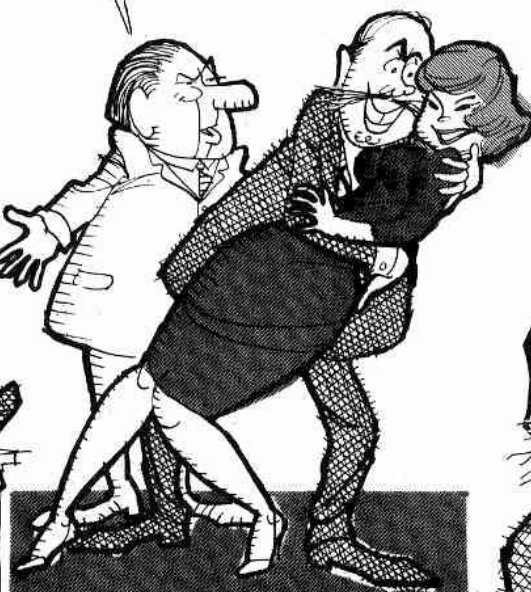


Well, I thought the cruise was enough.

Are they getting travel pay? Look, Allwright, you can level with us. You're not doing this out of the goodness of your heart.

Yes, I am. Just want to give the people who helped me build the business a ten-day holiday that's all. What's wrong with that?

I believe you, Allwright. I'll tell you what we'll do. Make it an 8-Day Holiday and you've got a deal.



GUEST BOOK

VISITORS WORTH NOTING

The greatest pastime for world leaders is visiting with other world leaders. This is supposed to make them knowledgeable about world affairs. Actually, it just makes them experts on world travel. Here are some of the world travelers and what transpired on their visits:

Italian President (for this week) Antonio Segni, met President and Mrs. Johnson in Washington. Segni, a self-made man who rose from the slums, misunderstood President Johnson's "War on poverty" theme in his State of the Union message. Segni took it to mean an attack on Italy.

President Segni, were you nervous when you addressed the U. S. Congress?

Oh, I was at first. But once I got accustomed to the large room—I was petrified.

West German Chancellor Ludwig Erhard visited LBJ at his ranch. Erhard has been trying to get East Berlin's Walter Ulbricht to extend Christmas passes through the Berlin wall. Willy Brandt, Mayor of West Berlin, made the suggestion that perhaps they could extend Christmas.

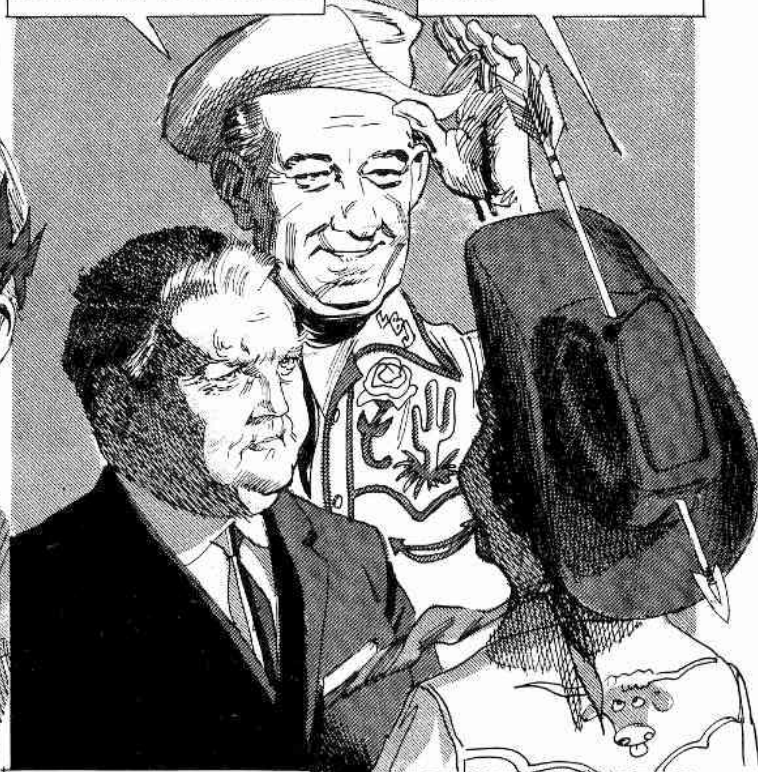
Ludwig Erhard, I want you to meet my wife, Ladybird.

Ludwig... that's a funny name.

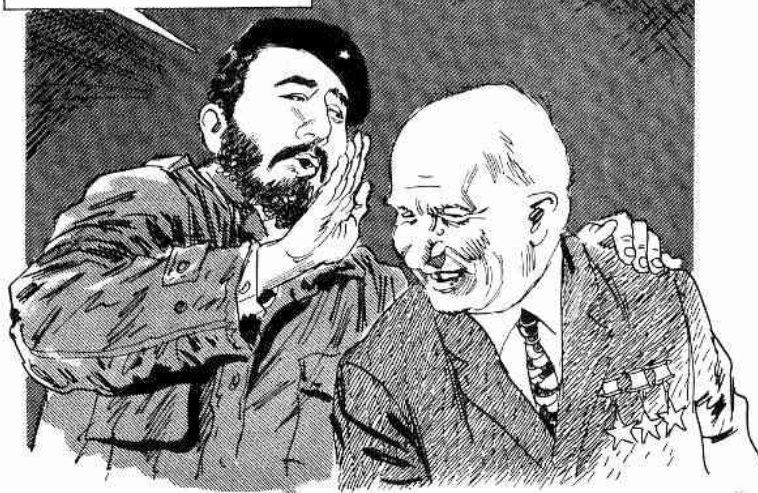


Fidel Castro visited Khrushchev in Moscow. Castro frolicked with children in a Kremlin playground. When a visiting dignitary wants to be photographed frolicking in a playground with children, the Moscow Secret Police round up neighboring kids. Then they bring them to the Kremlin playground. After the photographs are taken and the visiting dignitary leaves, the children are taken out of the playground and shot.

It is believed that Premier Castro discussed crop failures in Cuba on his visit.



Who are you getting your wheat from?



Bobby Kennedy traveled to Tokyo to meet Indonesian President Sukurano to plead for the Malaysian Federation. It's

the first time Bobby ever spoke *for* a union. The main subject of discussion was Sukurano's attacks on neighboring Borneo.

Why don't you pick on someone your own size.

So, pick on Denmark.

Art by Gray Morrow

The only country my size is Denmark.

I will—where is it?



Canada's Prime Minister, Lester Pearson *almost* met with French Premier Charles DeGaulle. Trouble is DeGaulle is six-foot-five and Pearson is five-foot-six. We suggest that Canada send Wilt

Chamberlain next time—just in case there's jump ball. We never trusted DeGaulle anyway. If he's so tall, why isn't he playing basketball?

Now, if we sell you strategic military supplies, do you promise not to sell them to Red China?

Have I ever lied to you?



GUEST BOOK continued

Premier Khrushchev visited Polish Premier Wladyslaw Gromulka. They went boar hunting with top Polish commies.

It's amazing that one of the hunting party didn't get shot.

Premier Gromulka, is it true that you are a stooge for Khrushchev?

That is vicious capitalist propaganda.

Is it true you just parrot Khrushchev's party line?

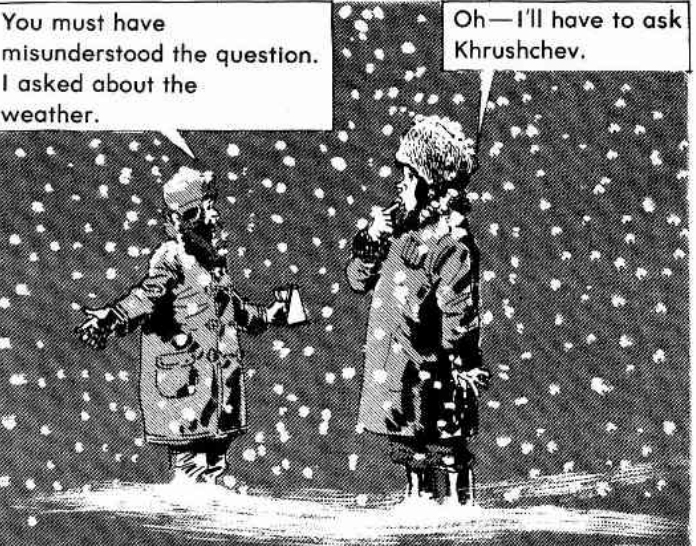
That is vicious capitalist propaganda.

What do you think of the weather in Poland for this time of the year?

That is vicious capitalist propaganda.

You must have misunderstood the question. I asked about the weather.

Oh—I'll have to ask Khrushchev.



Viet Nam Shaken by Second Junta in Six Months

Here is the new leader of Viet Nam. General, when do you think there may be another junta in Viet Nam?

In about 15 minutes.



Ludwig Erhard, German Chancellor, also met with British Prime Minister Sir Alec Douglas-Hume in a London fog. Erhard couldn't find 10 Downing Street.

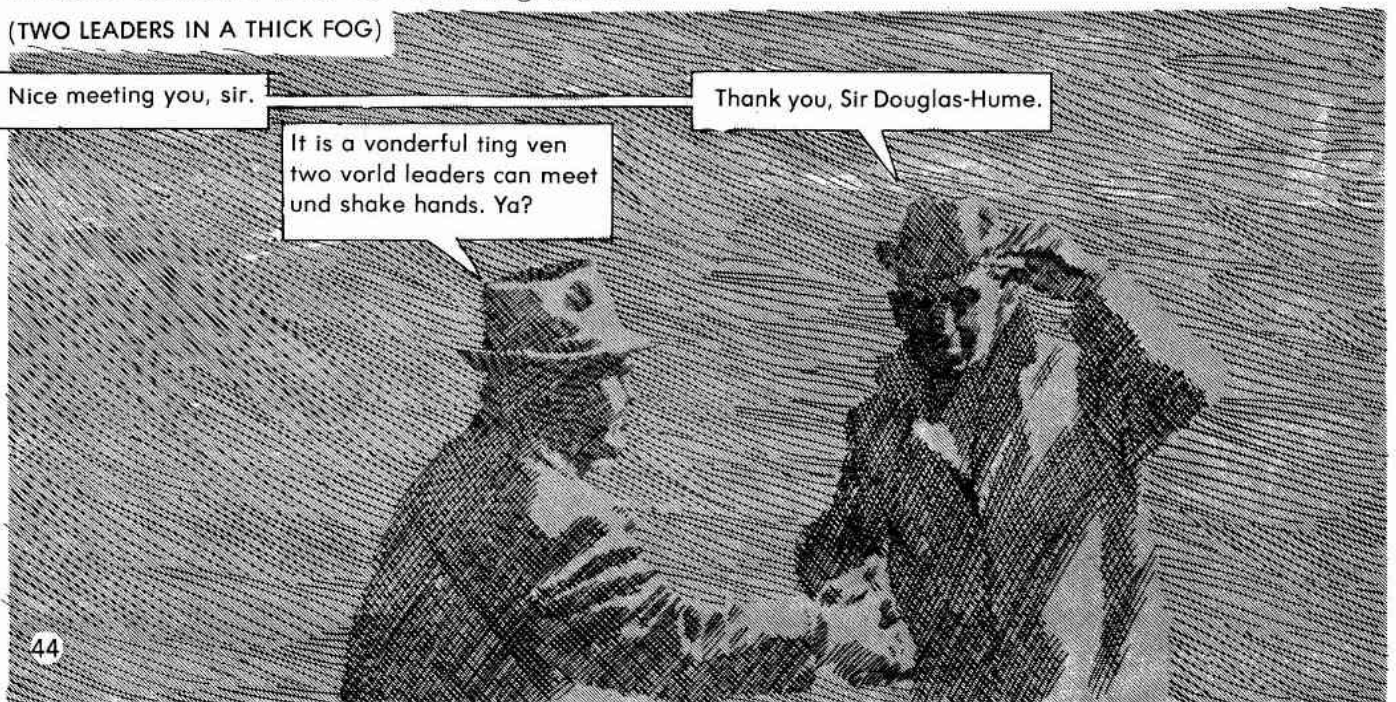
He had trouble finding a cab and if you step into a bus in London these days, when you get off, everybody's speaking Spanish.

(TWO LEADERS IN A THICK FOG)

Nice meeting you, sir.

Thank you, Sir Douglas-Hume.

It is a vonderful ting ven two world leaders can meet und shake hands. Ya?



The Swinging Monk



OFFICE OF BOOKING AGENT

I've got an act for you, Irving, it's only fantastic—a Swingin' Buddhist Monk.

A Swingin' Buddhist Monk? Get out of here, Josh!

Wait until you catch his act. He works out of a monastery. He can sing, dance, and do Impressions.

Impressions?

You name a Buddhist Monk and he can do him.

But would this guy draw?

Irving. He's got a hit record.

Which one?

"Call Me, Irresponsible, I"

Did he record that?

Yea, in Hindu.

In Hindu? No one will understand him.

It didn't hurt Presley.

But, Josh, who would buy a Buddhist Monk?

Religious fanatics.

Who handles this act—Norman Vincent Peale?

No, the Morris Office.

No wonder I never heard of him. How can you promote a Monk? You can't plant an item in Kilgallen's column that the Swingin' Monk was seen with Tuesday Weld at Mogambo's.

No, but you can say he was seen with Tuesday Weld in a church. Bring him to the States, Irving, he can work the Catskills for you.

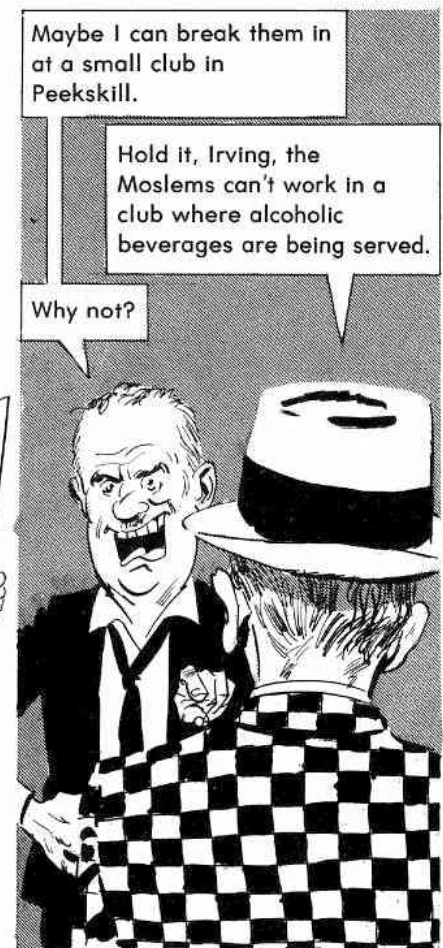
Okay, send for him.

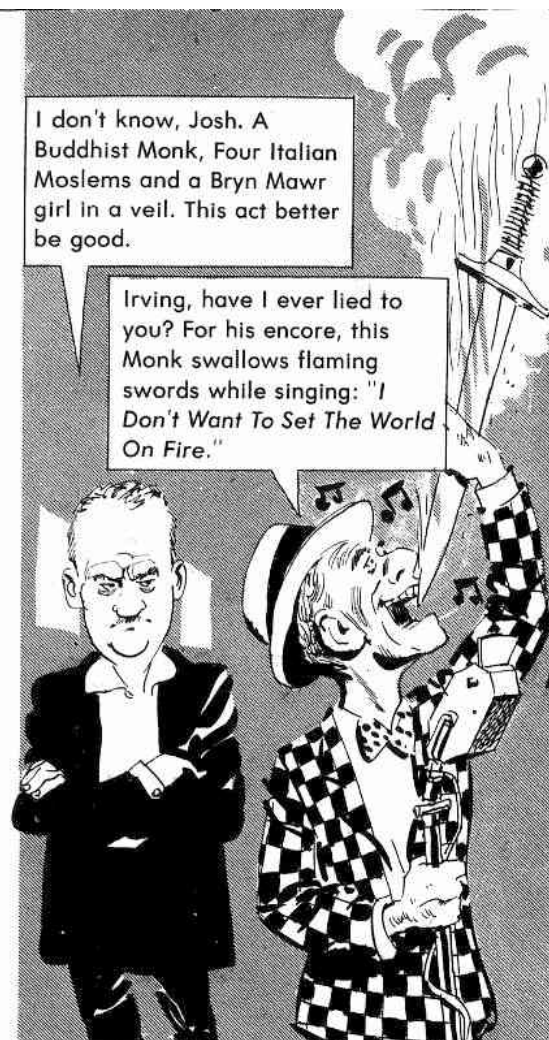
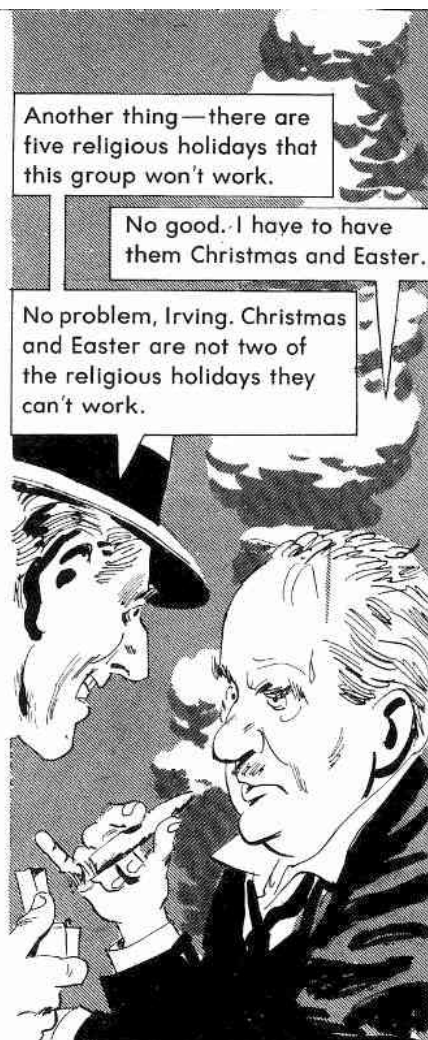
One thing. He's got a quartet that backs him up—Four Moslems.

You want me to book four Arabs in the Borst Circuit?

Believe me, Irv, these Moslems don't come on as Arabs. They work very Italian.

All right, send for the Buddhist Monk and his four Moslems. I'll get them a club date with the Polish War Veterans.





Be a Picture Caption Writer

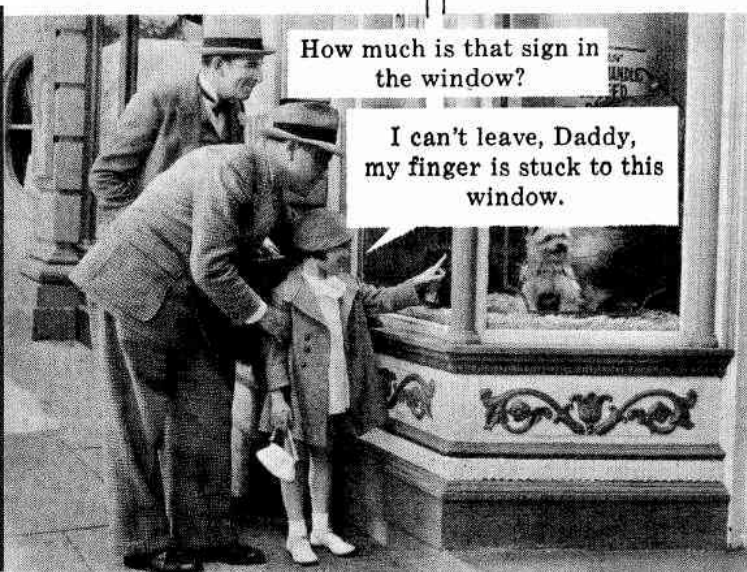
SICK has been literally swamped by entries to our "So You Want to be a Picture Caption Writer" contest. Our judges were delighted with the creative, clever response but there were so many worthy of publication, that we decided to spread the winning captions over several issues. That means we're forced to put off current contests until the near future.

Meanwhile, keep sending in your letters—write to us, even if it's just a postcard. We particularly like letters which tell us how wonderful we are. We believe those.

I'll pretend I want to buy that dog... Then, you guys rob the joint.

How much is that sign in the window?

I can't leave, Daddy, my finger is stuck to this window.



No, Stupid—Him.

Us Tarrington smokers would rather fight than switch.



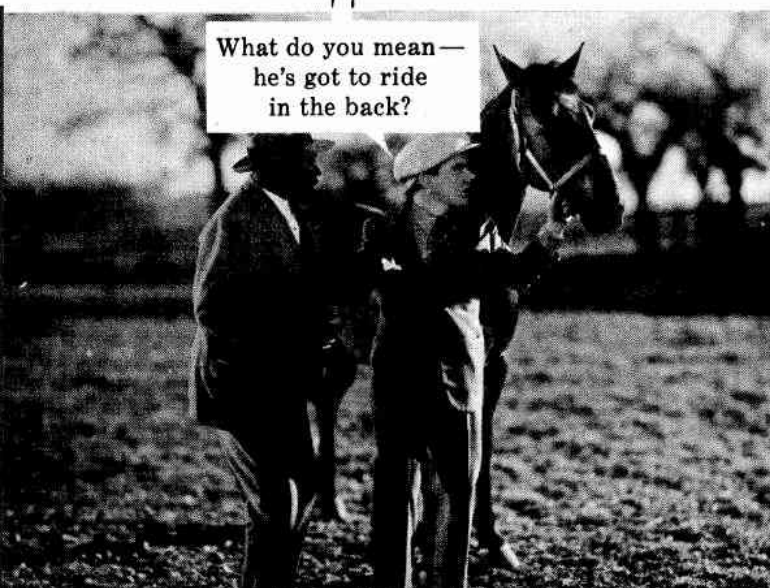
(A)

(B)

We're a one-toothpaste family again.

Beat it, here comes Fury.

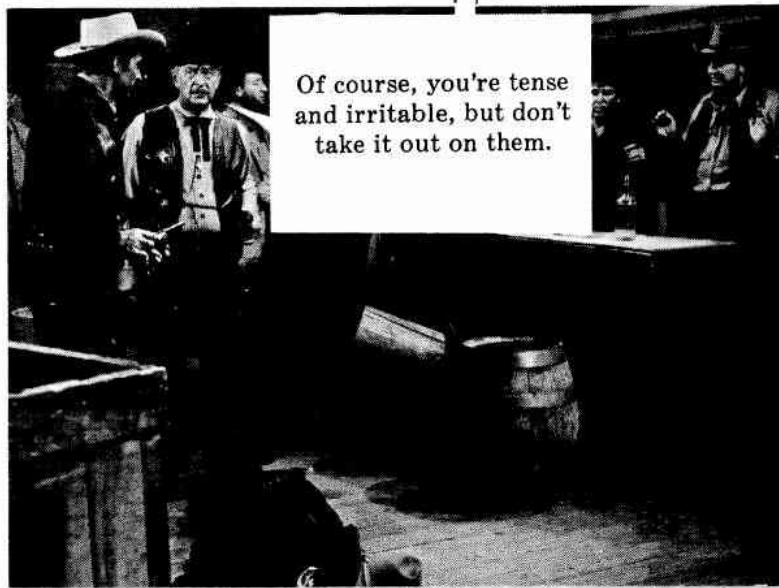
What do you mean—he's got to ride in the back?



This happens everytime they sing, "Roll out the Barrel."

Today the saloon—tomorrow the world.

Of course, you're tense and irritable, but don't take it out on them.



(C)

(D)

Next Month in **SICK**

HIGH SCHOOL DROP-OUTS TRADE PAPER



First Contest Winners

Ray L. Simpson, Apt. A.
588 South Mentor
Pasadena 5, Calif. 91106

George Raica
175 East Walnut Street
Westerville, Ohio

Ricki Dunn
4960 Marine Drive
Chicago, Illinois

Robert Raynor
3218 Fulton Street
Brooklyn 8, New York

Murray Soupsoff
17 Whitmore Avenue
Toronto 10, Ontario

Homer Davis
Rt. 1 Box 285
South Shore, Kentucky

Roma Louise Burns
8626 Geriner
Houston, Texas

Ricki Dunn
4960 Marine Drive
Chicago, Illinois

Howard G. Peterson
2233 West 4th Street
Williamsport, Penna.

Joe Reiridon
39-50 60th Street
Woodside 77, New York

Dexter Lichtenstein
1324 South 92nd Street
West Allis 14, Wisconsin

Mike Grancech, Jr.
794 King Street
San Gabriel, Calif.

Bill Rushton
13140 Britton Drive
Noblesville, Indiana

GET THE NEXT ISSUE OF SICK—
You'll find the following articles—

• **A new story by Charles Dickens.** The famous author of "David Copperfield" and "Gulliver's Travels" ends 75 years of retirement.

• **A new fold-out section of nudes of Hollywood stars.** In our next issue: Buster Crabbe and Edward G. Robinson.

• **An exclusive interview with Red China's Premier Mao Tse-tung.** He tells of Red China's future, its goals, its hopes and its germ warfare. Mao tells of Red China's secret invasion of the State of Delaware three years ago.

• **A biographical article by Sonny Liston,** "The Truth about the Clay Fight." Fight fans will love this "straight-from-the-shoulder" sports feature.

• **An inspirational article by Washington's Bobby Baker** entitled—"Forgive Us Our Trespases."

• **SICK Fiction**—"I, The Jury" by Jimmy Hoffa.

• **My Years in the White House With Harry Truman** by Abbe Lane.

• **"The King and I"** by Mrs. Martin Luther King.

• **"You Ain't Heard Nothin' Yet."** New hope for the hard-of-hearing by a noted ear specialist.

• **"How to Start a Jungle Hospital"** by Dr. Albert Schwartz, head of Harlem General Hospital.

• **"The Love Letters of General Robert E. Lee!"** Never before published letters to General George C. Custer.

ALSO

• **"I Robbed the Cradle"**—Hauptman's story of the Lindbergh Baby kidnapping.
AND

a special added bonus—A beautiful, four-color fold-out map of Roumania...

ALL in the next SICK, don't miss it! We will!

TV MEMORY LANE

One of New York City's most popular local shows is "Joe Franklin's Memory Lane." The guests on the show are old movie

stars who reminisce about some of their fond memories of yesteryear. Here's a sample of one of Joe's programs:

Hi, and welcome to Joe Franklin's Memory Lane where old movie stars reminisce about some of their fond moments of yesteryear. Today, we have one of the stars of the silent movie days—the fabulous Gilbert Boland.

Gilbert, you must have many fond memories of yesteryear that you want to share with us. You starred in the original "Hunchback of Notre Dame"—tell us, what was Lon Chaney, Sr. really like?

Lon Chaney, Sr.? To tell the truth, Joe, I don't remember him.

You must remember the great picture you made with Francis X. Bushman—when you played opposite him in the original "Ben Hur"? What was Francis X. like, Gil?



It must have slipped my mind, Joe, I remember the picture vaguely, but I don't recall any Bushman in it.

Are you putting me on, Gil? I mean this is Joe Franklin's Memory Lane where we reminisce about fond memories of yesteryear? I'll try again—how about Roman Navorro in the immortal "Scarface"?


Never heard of him.

Paul Muni? Nothing. Well, fans, this has been Joe Franklin's Memory Lane, we'll have another edition to morrow when we'll bring back other fond memories of bygone movie days. We want to thank today's guest—the immortal Gilbert Boland.

Gilbert Boland? No, I don't remember him, either.

That's YOU!





Rockefeller 798 ...
Goldwater 678 ...
Scranton 541 ...
George Rockwell 7 ...

Tired of Tweezing?
**UNWANTED HAIR
PAINLESSLY REMOVED**

BY ELECTROLYSICKS



**HERE ARE FOUR OF OUR
SATISFIED CUSTOMERS** ■ The Beatles

BY APPOINTMENT ■ HAIR CONDITIONED
SMITH BROTHERS STUDIOS
Barbersville ■ Ask for Mr. Clean

RETOUCHING BY SICK MAGAZINE